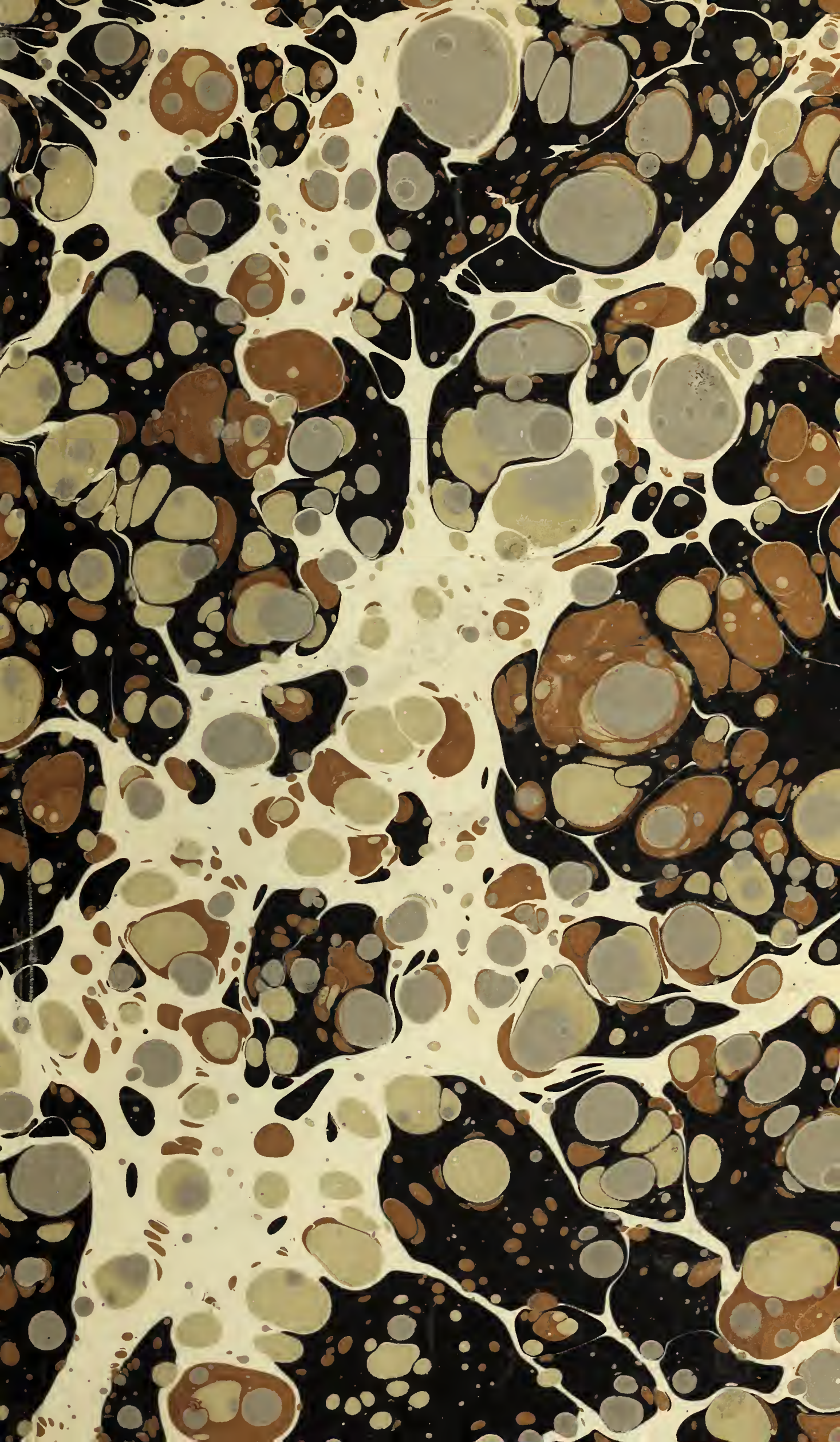


Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2018 with funding from
University of Western Ontario - University of Toronto Libraries

https://archive.org/details/momusturndfabuli00fuze

M O M U S

TURN'D

FABULIST:

OR,

VULCAN's WEDDING.

An OPERA:

After the Manner of the

BEGGAR's OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre-Royal in *Lincolns-Inn Fields.*

With the MUSICK prefix'd to each SONG.

LONDON:

Printed for J. WATTS, at the Printing-Office in *Wild-Court* near *Lincolns-Inn Fields.* 1729.

October 28, 1729.

This Day is Publiſh'd, with the Addition of Nine PIECES *(mark'd thus * in this Advertiſement) and Adorn'd with curious* CUTTS, *Deſign'd by Mr.* John Vanderbank *and Mr.* Highmore, *and Ingrav'd by Mr.* Gerrard Vandergucht, *the Second Edition of*

*** A SELECT COLLECTION of NOVELS and HISTORIES. In Six Volumes. Written by the moſt Celebrated Authors in ſeveral Languages. Many of which never appear'd in Engliſh before. All New Tranſlated and Compiled from the moſt Authentick Originals.

VOL. I. Containing,

An Extract of Monſieur Huet's Diſcourſe concerning the Original of Romances.
ZAYDE.
The Marriage of Belphegor.
* The Adventures of Meleſichthon.
The Jealous Eſtremaduran.
* The Hiſtory and Fall of the Lady Jane Grey.
* The Adventures on the Black Mountains.

VOL. II. Containing,

The Princeſs of Cleves.
The Fair Maid of the Inn.
The Force of Friendſhip.
* Charon: or, the Ferry-Boat.
The Hiſtory of the Captive.

VOL. III. Containing,

Don Carlos.
The Hiſtory of Count Belflor and Leonora de Ceſpedes.
The Curious Impertinent.
* The Hiſtory of Jane Shore.
The Prevalence of Blood.
The Liberal Lover.
The Beautiful Turk.

VOL. IV. Containing,

The Happy Slave.
The Rival Ladies.
* The Loves of King Henry II, and Fair Roſamond.
The Innocent Adultery.
The Hiſtory of the Conſpiracy of the Spaniards againſt the Republick of Venice.

VOL. V. Containing,

The Little Gypſy.
Ethelinda.
The Amour of Count Palviano and Eleonora.
* The Unhappy Favourite: Or, the Fall of Robert Earl of Eſſex.
Scanderbeg the Great.

VOL. VI. Containing,

The Life of Caſtruccio Caſtracani of Lucca.
The Loves of Oſmin and Daraxa.
The Spaniſh Lady of England.
The Lady Cornelia.
* The Hiſtory of Maſſaniello.
The Falſe Dutcheſs.
* Memoirs of the Impriſonment and Death of Mary Queen of Scots.

Printed for J. Watts, at the Printing-Office in Wild-Court near Lincoln's-Inn Fields; And Sold by the Bookſellers both of Town and Country.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

JUPITER,	Mr. *Milward.*
NEPTUNE,	Mr. *Morgan.*
APOLLO,	Mr. *Salway.*
MARS,	Mr. *Walker.*
PLUTUS,	Mr. *Hippiſley.*
VULCAN,	Mr. *Hall.*
MERCURY,	Mr. *Ray.*
MOMUS,	Mr. *Hulett.*
JUNO,	Mrs. *Egleton.*
VENUS,	Mrs. *Cantrell.*
ÆGLE, a young Nymph of HEBE's Train.	Miſs *Rogers.*

A Miniſter of FATE.

The SCENE *is in the Avenues of the Court of* DESTINY.

INTRO-

INTRODUCTION.

PLAYER and *GENTLEMAN.*

Player. THE Thought it ſelf was entirely new, and the Succeſs indeed very Extraordinary.

Gent. Sir, I was my ſelf an Eye-witneſs of it, being in *France* when this Piece firſt appear'd on the Stage, and ſaw it repreſented ſeveral Nights with a conſiderable ſhare of Pleaſure, which put me upon rendering it into *Engliſh*. In this Performance I have taken the Liberty of turning the *Fables*, which were Spoke in *France*, into *Ballads* to be Sung, and have heighten'd ſeveral of the Scenes by the Addition of other *Ballads*, ſuitable to the preſent Taſte of the Town. In ſhort, I have made that an *Engliſh* Opera, which was but a *French* Farce.

Player. Your Alterations are, I think, very judicious, and muſt add a Spirit to the Performance.

Gent. Such as it is, I ſhall be proud if it be of Service to you. I can plead no Merit in this Affair, but wholly depend on the Good-nature of the Audience: If I fail to pleaſe, I hope I may eſcape Cenſure, ſince it is ſome kind of Merit even to Attempt it. And as I always found you ready to encourage the *Muſes*, I have preſented you with this Piece, and heartily wiſh it may prove to your Satisfaction.

Player.

Player. I perceive your Scene is in the Poetical *Olympus*, and your Perſons are introduc'd under the Imaginary Characters of the Heathen Gods.

Gent. 'Tis true, Sir; but thoſe Ancient Fictions and Characters are ſo accommodated, as to Expoſe and Ridicule the Vices and Follies of the preſent Age.

Player. Well, I wiſh your Satyr may not give Offence.

Gent. Impoſſible; ſince it expoſes Vice in general, and is levell'd at no particular Perſons. Beſides, He that takes the Satyr makes it.

Player. And ſo this may properly be ſaid to be *The Opera of the Gods.*

Gent. Right, Sir!—And I wiſh you may get as much by the *Gods* as you did by the *Beggars.* Tho' I have no Proportion of Merit.

Player. I thank you, Sir, for your good Intentions, and muſt confeſs I never receive a greater Pleaſure than when I am exhibiting ſomething New; my chief Study being how to divert the Town, to whoſe generous Encouragement I ſtand ſo highly indebted.

Gent. Your Obligations are indeed very great. And tho' I have no particular Intereſt in this Affair, nor do I put my Self on the Liſt of Poets, yet I own I feel a great deal of Concern in appearing in this Manner before a Nation who are ſo great Maſters of Wit and Humour.

Player. We muſt rely on their Indulgence. But let us retire, the Actors are impatient to know their Fate.

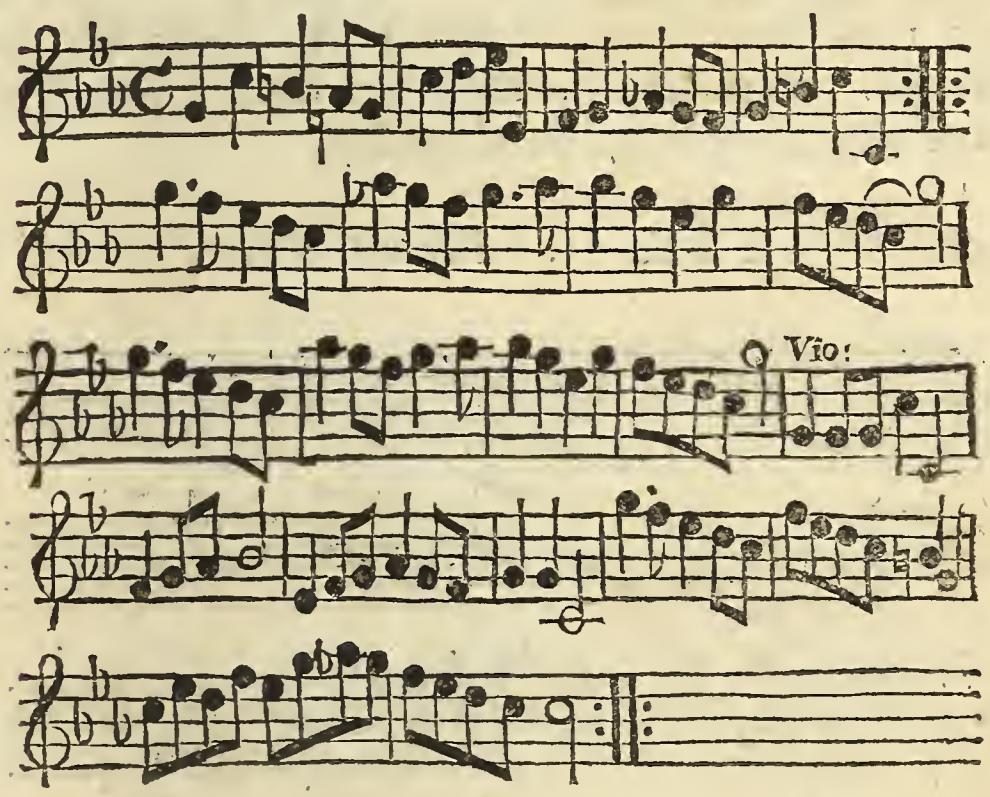
MOMUS *turn'd* Fabuliſt.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Jupiter *and* Momus.

JUPITER, *walking about very thoughtful.*

AIR I. Of all Comforts I miſcarry'd.



OF all Plagues, and Pleaſures, common
To Mankind, the Chief is Woman;
Gods, like Mortals, prone to Roving,
Feel the Pangs and Bliſs of Loving.
I, Supreme of Deities,
To Juno *wedded,* Venus *prize;*
Venus' *Charms provoke Deſires,*
Jealous Juno *damps Love's Fires:*
Th' Antidote of Nuptial Life
A Miſtreſs is, its Bane a Wife.

Oh *Juno!* .

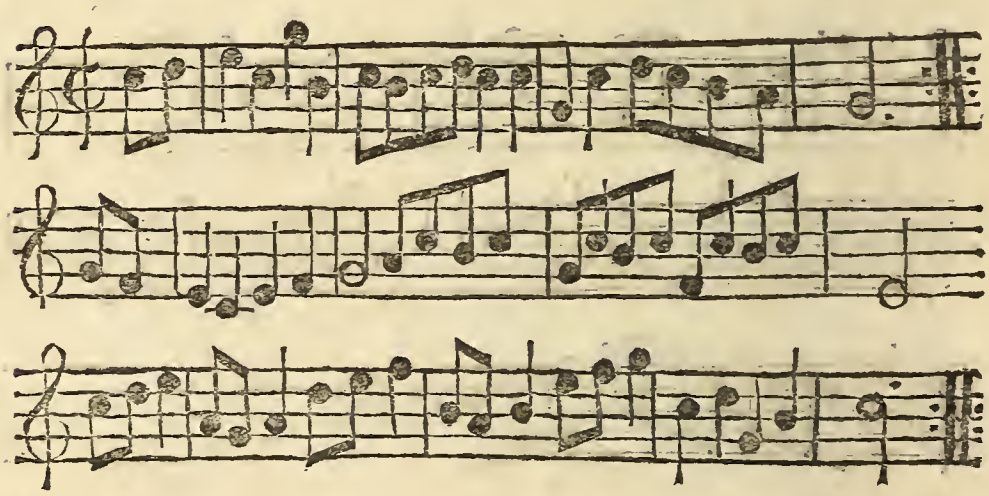
Momus.

Mom. [*Over-hearing him.*] What can be the meaning of that Exclamation, trow! Is *Jupiter* making amorous Addreſſes to his Wife at laſt? that wou'd be a Metamorphoſis indeed!

Jupit. O *Venus!*

Mom. [*Again over-hearing him.*] Ay, there's the true Goddeſs of your Heart —— For theſe ſix Months — (I think 'tis thereabouts, ſince this bewitching *Venus* ſprang out of the Sea —) there has been a ſtrange Diſorder in all our Divine Noddles. The Inhabitants of *Olympus* are ſo dreſt out that there's no knowing 'em again by their Habits. We have nothing but their ſeveral kinds of Folly to diſtinguiſh them by.

AIR II. *Pierrot* Tune.



Gay Folly's Glaſs
Reflects the Face
Of High-born, Rich and Low;
A Shew of State
Attracts the Great;
A Gaudy Dreſs, the Beau.

In the Jilt, Coquette, and Prude,
Is ſtrong Deceit,
Affected Hate,
And formal Coyneſs view'd:

Where

Where Virtue fails,
Vice prevails,
(Wiſdom flown)
Folly's ſhown,
Ev'ry long-loſt Shame's renew'd.

Jupit. Oh, pray, you *Momus*, you that approve of nothing; ſay —— Can you help owning that *Venus* is the moſt charming Deity in the World? Do's not ſhe eclipſe all the Beauties of my Court, by the Brightneſs of her Eyes?

Mom. And by her way of rolling 'em.

Jupit. No; nothing can be compar'd to the Charms of *Venus!*

Mom. No; nothing can be compar'd to the Inconſtancy of *Jupiter!*

Jupit. Oh, how I repent of my marrying *Juno!* In the name of Wonder, what cou'd induce me to ſubmit to the Yoak of a Marriage for Eternity? What a Bondage! What a Slavery!

Mom. 'Tis the Gallies with a witneſs! — But, pray, what may your Buſineſs be here in the Avenues to the Court of *Deſtiny?* Do ye come to move him for a Separation? That ſmall Comfort at leaſt ought to be reſerved for the Gods, and deny'd to Men: They, forſooth, alone enjoy the glorious Privileges of Widowhood.

Jupit. What troubles me, isn't the putting away my Wife ——

Mom. No, really, that need not trouble you much; for, bating the Formality of it, poor *Juno* is pretty well put away already. I think you have had ſeparate Beds for theſe four or five Thouſand Years.

Jupit. She's apt to be Sick.

Mom. So wou'd any Wife, of ſuch Uſage.

Jupit. Every one of the Gods that are ſingle, fired with the Charms of *Venus*, deſire her for a Wife.

Mom. And every one of the married Gods for a Miſtreſs. Might not a Way be found out, think ye, to reconcile this Matter?

Jupit. I put it off, becauſe I am ſenſible of the Conſequences. The main Queſtion is not, Who *Venus* ſhall have for a Husband? but Whether ſhe is to be a Goddeſs of the Sea, or of Heaven? 'Till that's decided, the Fair One is kept by way of Sequeſtration, in the Court of *Deſtiny*: I have not yet ventur'd to conſult him about this Affair; but if it is abſolutely decreed that the Goddeſs muſt marry, I determine to give her to *Juno*'s Son, *Vulcan*.

Mom. O, the wiſe Determination! and ſo like the Author!

Jupit. Tho' I had rather ſhe ſhou'd continue a Maid.

Mom. Continue a Maid, and be *Jupiter*'s Miſtreſs —— [*Laughing.*

Jup. [*Angry.*] Do you know, Sir, that I am quite tired with your impertinent Reflections?

Mom. And yet you are not tired with giving Occaſion for them.

Jupit. All the Gods in general complain of your Tongue.

Mom. And I am delighted with theirs. It furniſhes mine with Matter of Merriment.

Jupit. You make it the Buſineſs of your Malice to ridicule even Me, and have done ſo for an infinite number of Ages.

Mom. And yet I have not done half my Work.

Jupit. Monſtrous Inſolence! Take notice, I charge you not to ſpeak any more, either of Me,

or

or any other of the Gods, neither Good nor Evil.

Mom. As for Good, I ſhall obey you moſt punctually.

Jupit. There's no bearing this——But hold—What has the Miniſter of *Deſtiny* to ſay to me?

SCENE II.

Enter a Miniſter of Deſtiny.

Miniſt. O *Jupiter! Deſtiny*, my Maſter and yours, commands you to attend him immediately, becauſe this Day he means to determine the Reſidence and Husband of *Venus*.

Jupit. My humble Service to *Deſtiny*, and I'll wait on him. [*Exit Miniſter.*

SCENE III.

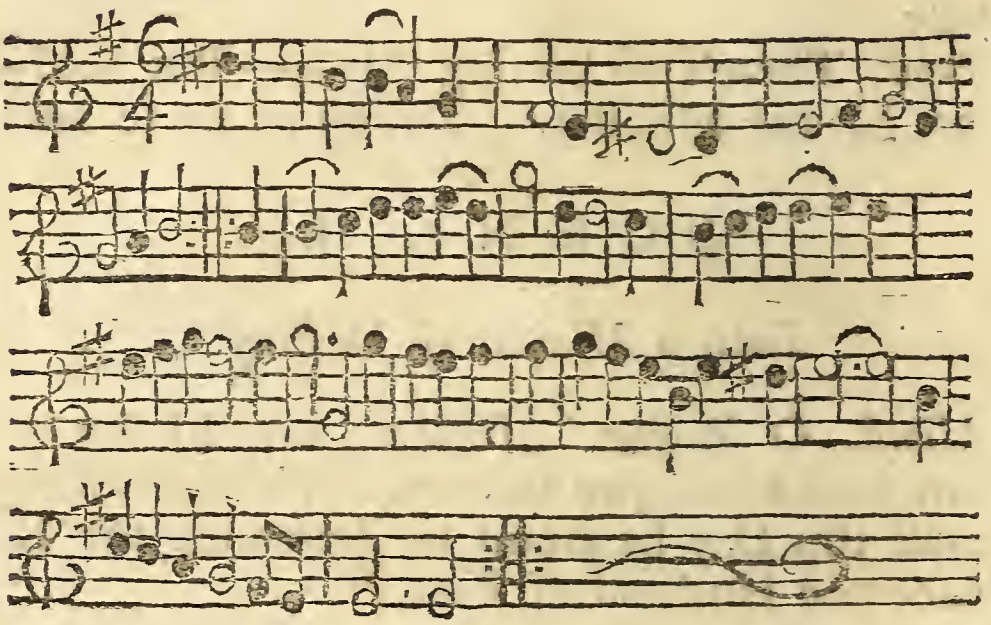
Jupiter *and* Momus.

Mom. So——Madam *Venus*'s Coquettry is now at its laſt Gaſp. Ever ſince ſhe has been in Heav'n, in Expectation of a better Thing, ſhe has ſo amus'd all the Gods, one with a languiſhing Look, and another with a Smile, that every one of 'em thinks himſelf the Favourite. Now this mortifies me; I wou'd fain diſtinguiſh the Unhappy among this Crowd of Lovers, that I might charitably condole with the poor Wretches; Perhaps you, Maſter *Jupiter*, may ſtand in need of that kind Office, when you come from having Audience of *Deſtiny*.

Jupit. What, again!

Mom. An arduous Affair, this! to fix a Coquette! 'tis the *Magnum Opus* itſelf!

AIR III. Some ſay Women are like the Winds.



To ſtop an Arrow's ſwift Career,
Impriſon Winds, or Monſters fight,
Out-run the nimble-footed Deer,
Or ſoar above an Eagle's Flight;
Theſe Tasks ſeem eaſy, when compar'd
To thoſe by young Coquettes prepar'd.
To Love; Hate;
Advance; Retreat;
Be free, and yet enſnar'd.
Be free, &c.

Jupit. [*Muſing.*] *Venus* ſeems to give a Gueſs at my Deſign.

Mom. Won't you have a little Tiff with a Comb, before you go to *Deſtiny*'s? You'll certainly find *Venus* there: When a fine Woman has a Cauſe to try, ſhe ſeldom fails to appear in Court: She ſometimes has more Influence than her Council.

Jupit. [*Aſide, tho' aloud.*] I'm afraid *Deſtiny* will run counter to my Views——

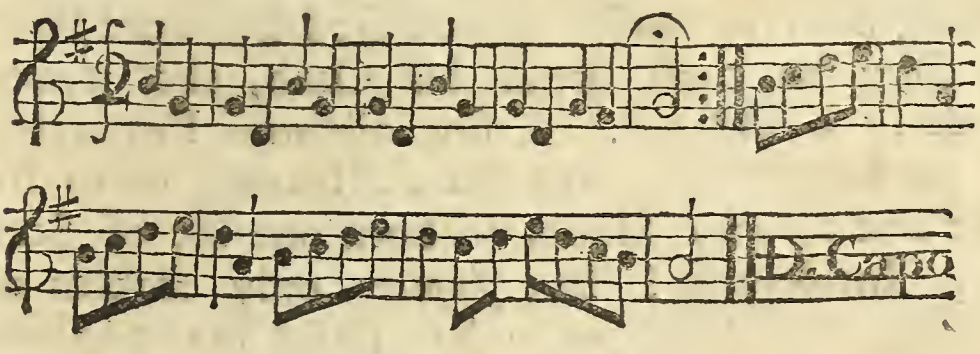
Mom.

Mom. Get *Juno* to ſolicit for ye.

Jupit. Momus, this is intolerable!

Mom. I did but name his Wife, and ſee what a Rage he's in!

Jupit. 'Tis too much; you abuſe my Patience.—

AIR IV. Hay-makers Dance, in *Fauſtus*.

Since my bearing
Tempts your Daring
To aſſume a Right to prate,
Shou'd your Tongue,
Speak right or wrong,
Concerning Actions of the Great;

If't be Reaſon,
(Out of Seaſon)
You ſhall my Reſentment bear;
If't be Malice,
Slaves in Gallies
Shan't be puniſh'd more ſevere.

But depend upon it, if I hear that between This and To-morrow you drop one ſingle Satyrical Word, not only againſt Me, but even againſt the meaneſt God in Heav'n, aſſure your ſelf, I'll immediately baniſh you the Skies for ever; I ſwear by *Styx*, I will. Adieu; remember I once drove out

Apollo from *Olympus*, and that he was forced to keep Sheep for a living. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Momus *alone.*

'Sblews! I think he ſwore by *Styx*! this is no jeſting matter, 'faith! when a God has once ſwore by *Styx* he can't break his Oath, tho' it were made to a Miſtreſs. A fine dilemma I'm under: to be baniſh'd for ever from Heaven, or to live four and twenty Hours without one bit of Scandal. Intolerable! But *Jupiter* only forbids me talking Satyrically —— he allows me to think. Let us think then —— but how the dickens ſhall one bring out ones Thoughts without ſpeaking? —— Umph. I have it. A new contrivance —— lucky and convenient —— I'll invent Fables —— I'll mention none of the Gods by Name; but will borrow for them the Names of Men, or Beaſts, 'tis all the ſame thing —— 'Tis reſolv'd: I'll e'en turn Fabuliſt, ſince I'm forc'd to't. I have but this one way to eaſe my Spleen, and evade the cruel Law that's impos'd on me. I'm admirably well poſted here for the Buſineſs I've undertaken: All the Gods and Goddeſſes, drawn either by Love or Curioſity, will not fail to be at the Court of *Deſtiny* to-day, and this is the principal Avenue to it. O what a ſight of Fables ſhall I pour fo th! I ſhall need no Preface to ſwell my Book.

SCENE

SCENE V.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. [*Aſide.*] From being *Jupiter*'s Pimp, I'm become his Rival: I'm not the firſt that has reconcil'd theſe two Employments.

Mom. [*Aſide.*] Here's *Mercury*, and I am under a prohibition of Scandal! This is what you call a Trial, I think!

Merc. Morrow, *Momus*.

Mom. Morrow, *Mercury*. What News?

Merc. I never knew *Jupiter* ſo deep in Love.

Mom. Nor ſo —— ouf —— I had well-nigh blurted out a Truth ſtark naked; whereas I'm oblig'd to cloathe All that comes into my Head all this Day. What a deal of Drapery it will coſt me!

SCENE VI.

Enter Neptune.

Nept. [*Aſide.*] I'm reſolv'd to get betimes to the Court of *Deſtiny*, and to —— [*aloud.*] Ha! ha! what can the ſincere *Momus* be doing here with my Nephew *Mercury*, who is an arrant Cheat?

Merc. My Uncle *Neptune* don't flatter his Nephews: I'll ſay that for him, and a fig for him.

Mom. Hail to the God of the Sea!

Nept. Good Morrow, *Momus*. But you, Nephew *Mercury*, pray tell me, does my Brother *Jupiter* intend always to live at this rate with his Wife, and to gallant *Venus*, who in all likelyhood is to be mine, ha?

Mom.

Mom. Shall I tell you the truth? Your Brother is an arrant —— [*ſtopping himſelf*] You love her hugely then, this ſame *Venus*, do you?

Nept. Not without good Reaſon: ſhe has ſome particular Regards for me.

Mom. What may thoſe Regards be, pray now?

Nept. Oh! we Sea-folk know how to be diſcrete. It wou'd be a pretty thing indeed if the God of Fiſh cou'd not tell when to be mute.

Merc. It is an eaſy thing for one to be diſcrete that has nothing to tell.

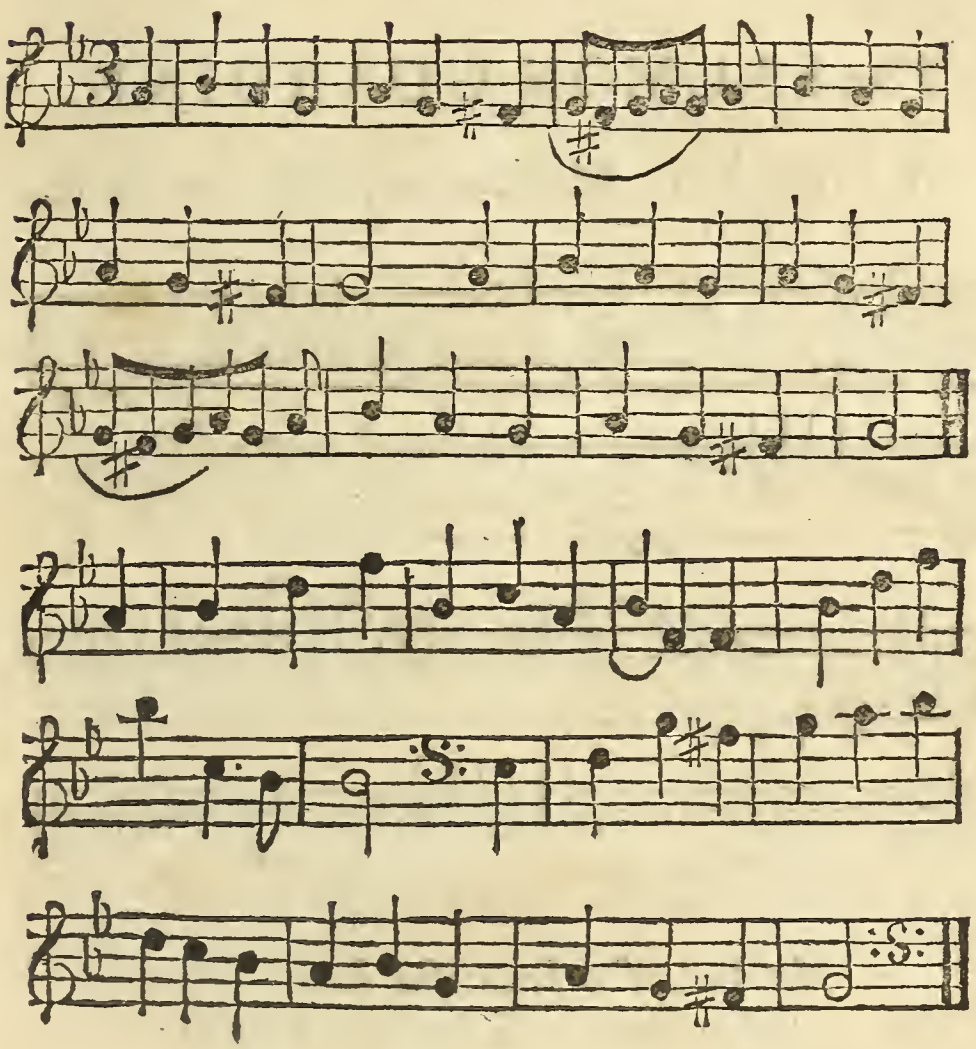
Nept. You're upon the pump, are you? You're a Knave, Nephew mine, you're a Knave; *Momus* will ſay the ſame.

Mom. Excuſe me, excuſe me, I have made a ſmall lying Match; till To-morrow you ſhall hear me praiſe all the World.

Nept. I'faith *Momus* grows an honeſt Fellow, and I love him for't; I find he'll approve the Pretenſions I have to the Heart and Hand of *Venus*. And indeed who can diſpute my Right to 'em? She's a Goddeſs born in my Dominions, and I am her legal Guardian.

AIR

AIR V. Oh pity an Innocent Maiden.



A Guardian whoſe Ward is a Beauty,
Does Perſon and Fortune poſſeſs,
Impoſes Obedience as Duty,
And woo's her, aſſur'd of Succeſs.
Tho' Venus *is free from my Power,*
Yet having been under my Care,
I'll be an aſſiduous Wooer,
And never of Conqueſt deſpair.

Mom. You are *Venus*'s Guardian, and wou'd marry her?

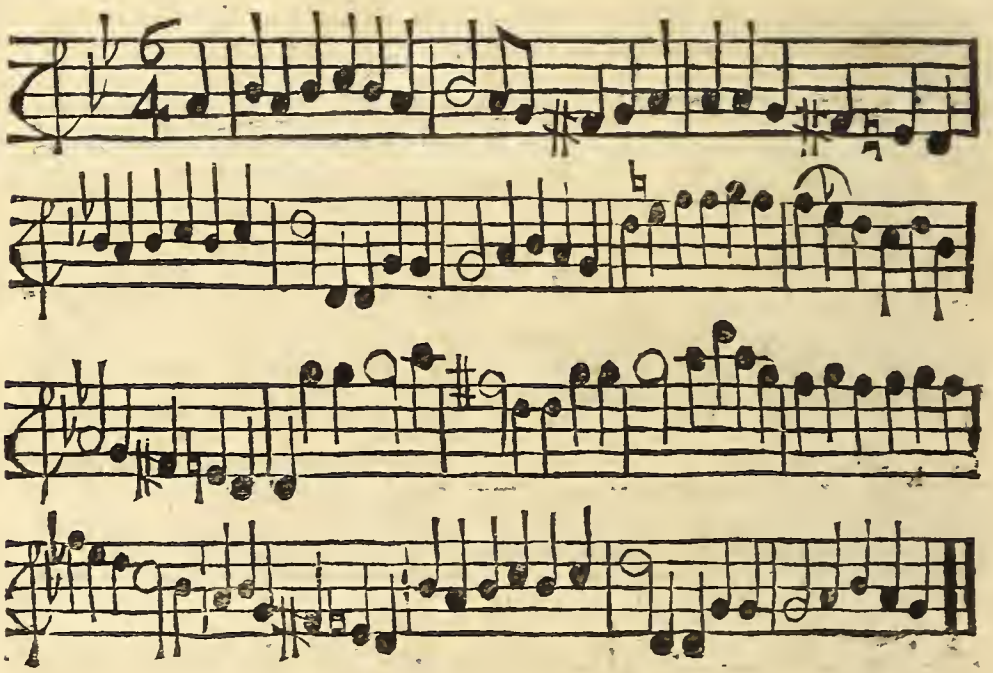
Nept. Ay certainly.

Mom.

Mom. You ſhall have my handſel as a Fabuliſt; pray give Ear to a ſmall Fable, 'Squire *Neptune*. 'Tis call'd *The* SALMON GUARDIAN.

The SALMON GUARDIAN.

AIR VI. Maidens as freſh as a Roſe.



An Eel *of a beautiful hue*
Was under a Salmon's *Tuition*;
Who claim'd the fair Fiſh as his due,
Nor dream'd of an Oppoſition.
The Eel, *by a* Sturgeon *belov'd,*
Diſdain'd her fond Guardian's Paſſion,
And to her young Lover rov'd,
And gratified Inclination.
The Salmon *inrag'd, did apply,*
*To a Sea-*Wolf, *a Judge among Fiſhes,*
Who heard him, and made this Reply,
No Law can controul Maidens Wiſhes.

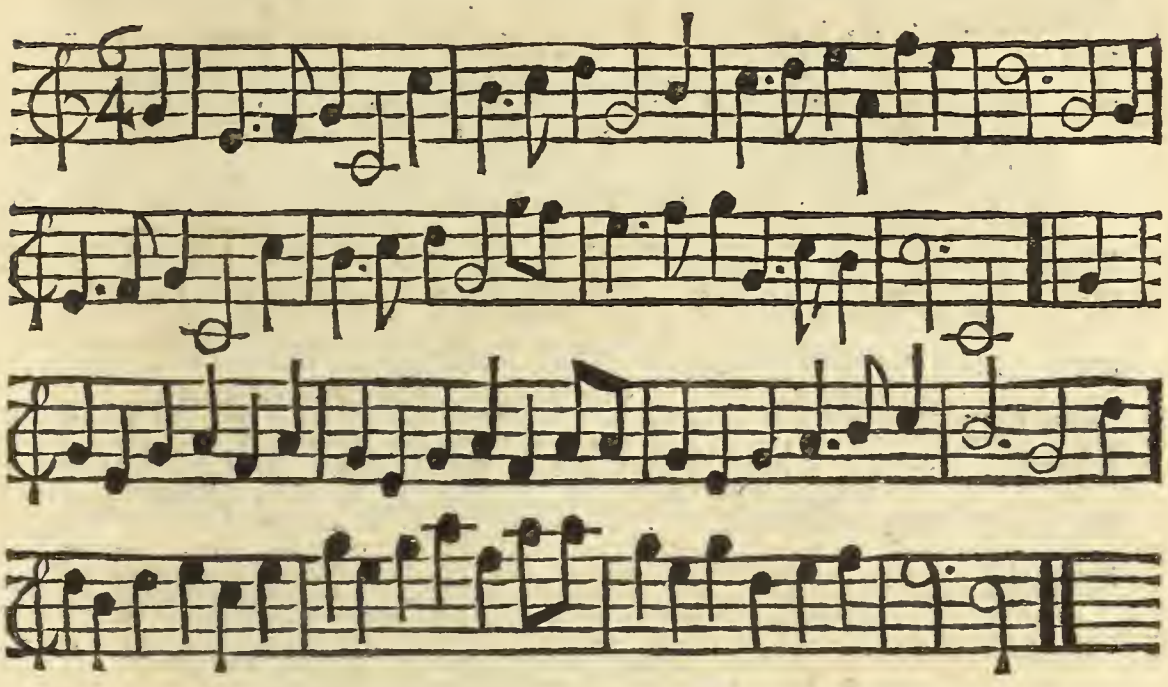
Merc. [*to* Neptune] Pray, Uncle, how d'ye like this Fable?

Nept. 'Tis a very impertinent one.

Merc.

Merc. And why do ye take the *Salmon*'s part? 'Twas a fooliſh Beaſt of a Fiſh to think the Name of Guardian has any Sympathy with that of Lover.

AIR VII. Hark, Hark, the Cock crows.



A Guardian commands,
A Lover intreats;
Think which the kind Fair will moſt favour:
One holds her in Bonds,
T'other lies at her Feet,
And to free her, wou'd do his Endeavour.

The Maid's at no Loſs
How to fix a right Choice,
Between Anguiſh, and amorous Bliſſes;
The Guardian is baniſh'd,
The Lover's Fears vaniſh'd,
Succeſs crowns the end of his Wiſhes.

Mom. Be inform'd, Mr. *Salmon*, that the Titles to Love muſt be found in the Heart of the Object belov'd: there it is that *Cupid* keeps his Records

Nept.

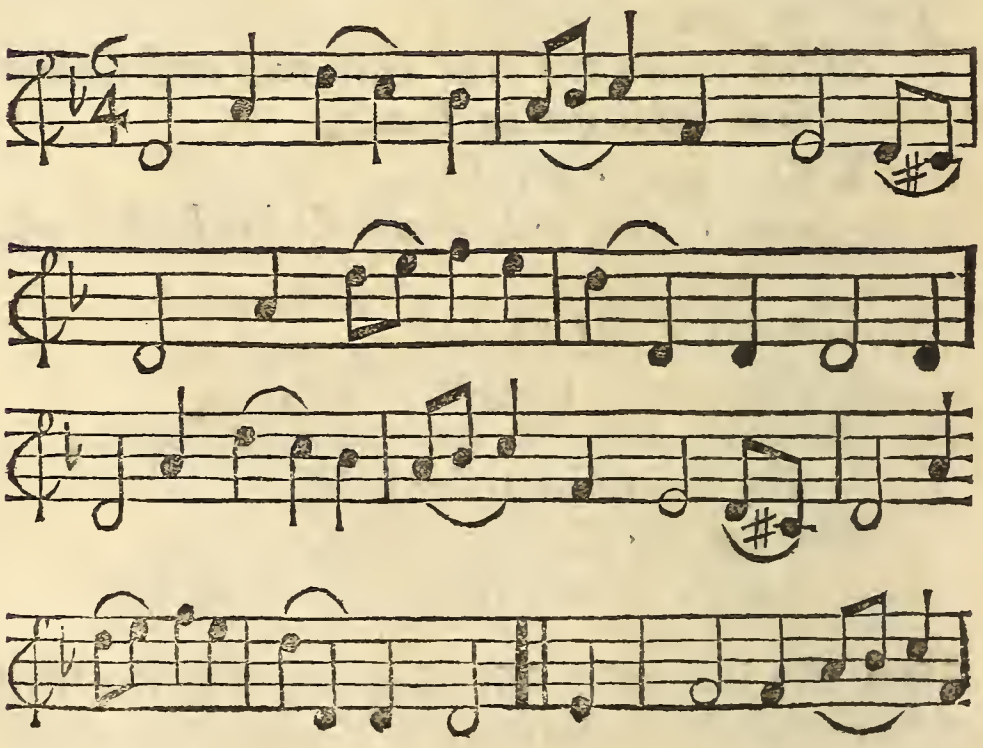
Nept. Why, *Momus*, and you too Sirrah, Nephew, do ye dare to crack your Jeſts upon the God of the Seas? [*threatning them with his Trident.*] Quos Ego.

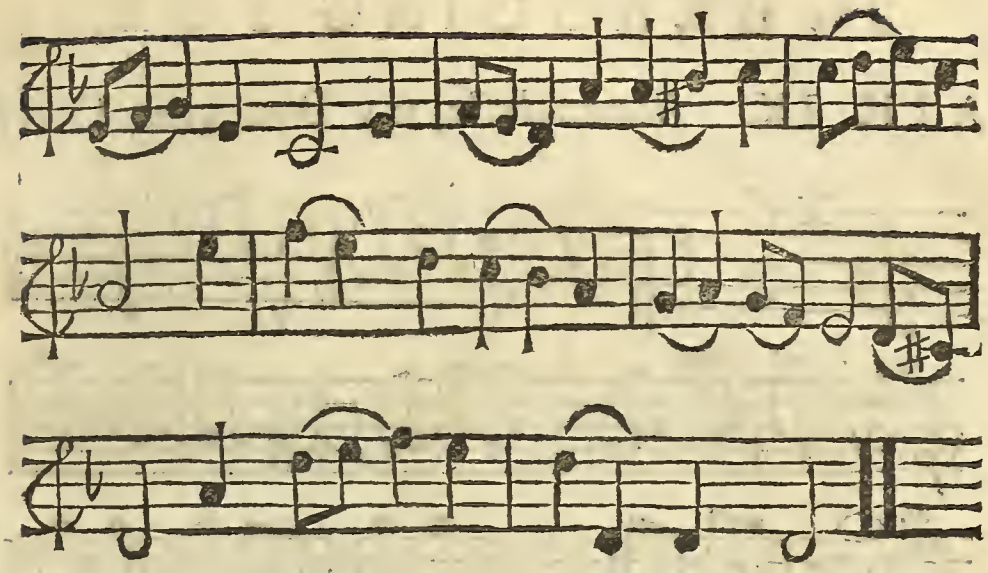
Merc. Without Vanity, I can never think that my Uncle *Neptune*'s lovely Charge will over-look the univerſal Genius of the Nephew, when ſhe chuſes her Husband. *Venus* and *Mercury* ſeem cut out for each other. They agree exactly.

Mom. Oh, like two Tallies!

Merc. Of all the Deities I am he in whom are united the moſt oppoſite Talents. The Lawyers Tutelar God, the Conductor of the Dead, and laſtly Meſſenger to the Maſter of the Gods —— Who ſhou'd know the Way to a Heart better than my ſelf? If *Cupid* is the God of Lovers, *Mercury* is certainly the God of Confidants.

AIR VIII. *A* Scotch *Tune.*





When Cupid *wounds the youthful Breaſt,*
His Power ſoon proves him Foe to Reſt;
The Lovers want
A Confidant
To get their Amorous Griefs redreſs'd.

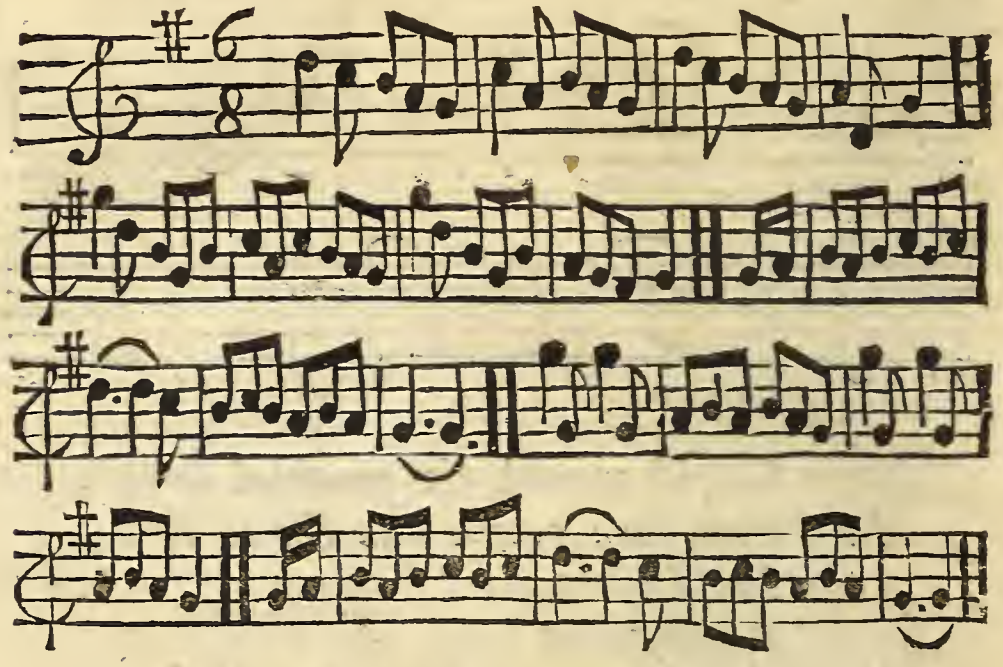
To ſooth a Mind depreſs'd with Care,
Or reconcile an angry Pair,
By well-told Lies,
In Truth's Diſguiſe,
A Confidant's cheif Merits are.

Mom. In the Days when Beaſts ſpoke, they learn'd Trades too: and I'll tell you [a little of your Attention if you pleaſe, Signor *Mercury*] I'll tell you what befel an honeſt Fox of my Acquaintance, that valu'd himſelf much upon the multiplicity of his Talents. 'Tis call'd *The* BRAGGING FOX.

The

The BRAGGING FOX.

AIR IX. *Blowzabella*, my Bouncing Doxy.



Reynard, *aiming at the ſubduing*
*A famous She-*Fox, *lov'd by moſt,*
Out of the common way of Wooing,
Thus his Talents began to boaſt.
Take me, Reynardine, *I'm a Lover*
That can Lye, Forſwear and Cheat;
I'll vow Conſtancy, yet be a Rover;
Sure ſuch Goodneſs will make me Great.
No Vices or Follies can reign,
But I practiſe them all with Succeſs;
All Actions of Virtue diſdain:
Now your Sentiments freely expreſs.
Hence begone, thou Foe to Virtue,
In a Heat, cries Reynardine;
Goodneſs ever will deſert you,
Who to vicious Acts incline.
Could you think to engage my fond Heart,
By ſhewing Deſtruction in View?
When next your falſe Love you'd impart;
Be ſure by an Advocate wooe.

Nept,

Nept. I think the *Fox* is much better reliſht than the *Salmon.* What ſay you, Nephew?

Merc. I ſay —— I ſay I have not time to be in a Paſſion. I'll e'en go to *Venus.*

Nept. As God of the Confidants, ha!

[Mercury *goes out, and* Neptune *follows him.*

Mom. Where are you running, Maſter *Neptune?*

Nept. To my Pupil, to my Pupil. I'm afraid this *Fox* ſhou'd ſnap the Pullet. [*Exit.*

SCENE VII.

Momus *alone.*

Mom. So far, ſo good; a rare Invention to evade *Jupiter*'s Prohibition! They'll ſay perhaps my Fables are nothing but Satyrs —— But is not Satyr inſtructive and diverting at the ſame time? 'egad, let who will make your muſty Moral Fables for me; I hope, I ſhall never be ſo dull —— But here come a Brace of rare Chaps, *Plutus* and *Vulcan.* A couple of pretty Beaſts for a Fable!

SCENE VIII.

Enter Plutus *and* Vulcan.

Vulc. [*to* Plutus.] I'faith, Brother *Plutus,* you are as blind o' your Underſtanding, as you are o' your Eyes.

Plut. In troth, Maſter *Vulcan,* your Wit hobbles as much as your Feet.

Mom. [*Aſide.*] Heyday! *Plutus* and *Vulcan* pretend to be witty! Since *Jupiter* has forbidden me to uſe my Talent of Rallery, I ſuppoſe the reſt of the Gods practiſe it by way of Proxy.

Vulc. [*to* Plutus.] *Deſtiny* is too wiſe to give *Venus* to you; if ſhe wanted Cloaths indeed, he might employ you to furniſh her.

Plut. Deſtiny is too wiſe to marry *Venus* without her Conſent; and I believe you know the Power that *Plutus* has over the Fair Sex: if you don't, *Momus* will inform you; he's a Plain-dealer.

Mom. I'm under a Command at preſent not to be ſo: ſo your Godſhips are perfectly ſafe.

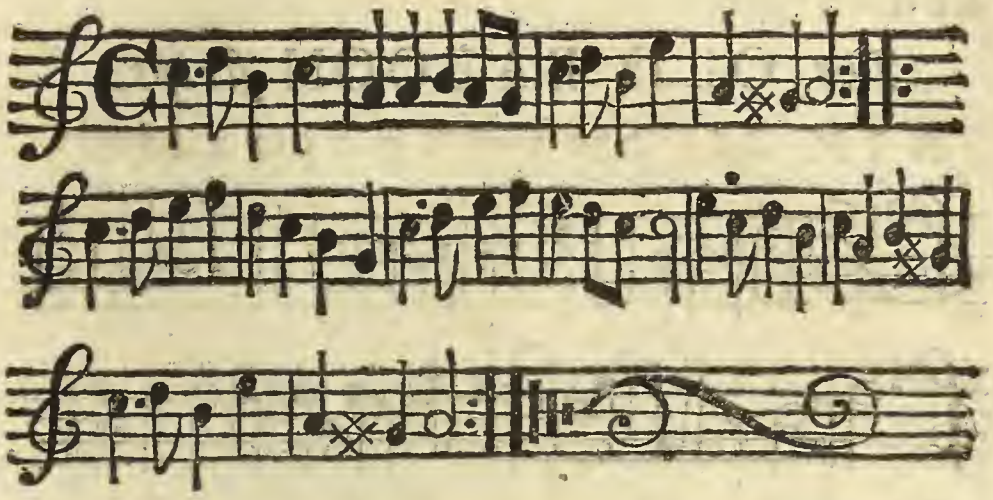
Plut. Why, *Momus*, this poor beggarly Maſter of the *Cyclops* pretends to diſpute *Venus'* Hand with me; with Me, who am more Lord of the Univerſe than *Jupiter* himſelf, ſince he is worſhip'd for nothing but to obtain my Favours thro' his means; with Me, who am more the Maſter of all Hearts than *Love* himſelf, ſince he wou'd fail of every Conqueſt he attempts, but for the Golden Shafts which he is furniſh'd with out of my Strong-Box. Have you not obſerv'd how I am courted by all the Ladies ——

Vulc. That underſtand Arithmetick.

Plut. This poor limping Godlin preſumes to put himſelf upon a Foot with me, who without diſpute am the beſt of any of the Gods in Equipage; who have ſo many Slaves both Black and White; ſo many Tawnies in the Kingdom of *Peru*.

AIR

AIR X. Woman's Work is never done.



To enjoy the Bliſs of Treaſure
Mortals ſpend their Lives in Toils;
Men in Power feel its Pleaſure,
Chaſteſt Maidens it beguiles.
Riches make the Ugly pretty,
And the wrinkled Hag look young;
Juſtice Blinds; makes Fools ſeem witty;
Riches conquer, right or wrong.

With Me, whoſe Pocket-Book is worth a hundred of *Apollo*'s.

Vulc. Ay now you have ſaid ſomething indeed, *Plutus*.

Mom. Now you talk of *Apollo*'s Pocket-Book, d' ye know that I am turn'd Poet?

Plut. Momus turn'd Poet! 'ware Lampoons.

Mom. Will you ſee a ſample of my Poetical Vein, Maſter *Plutus?*

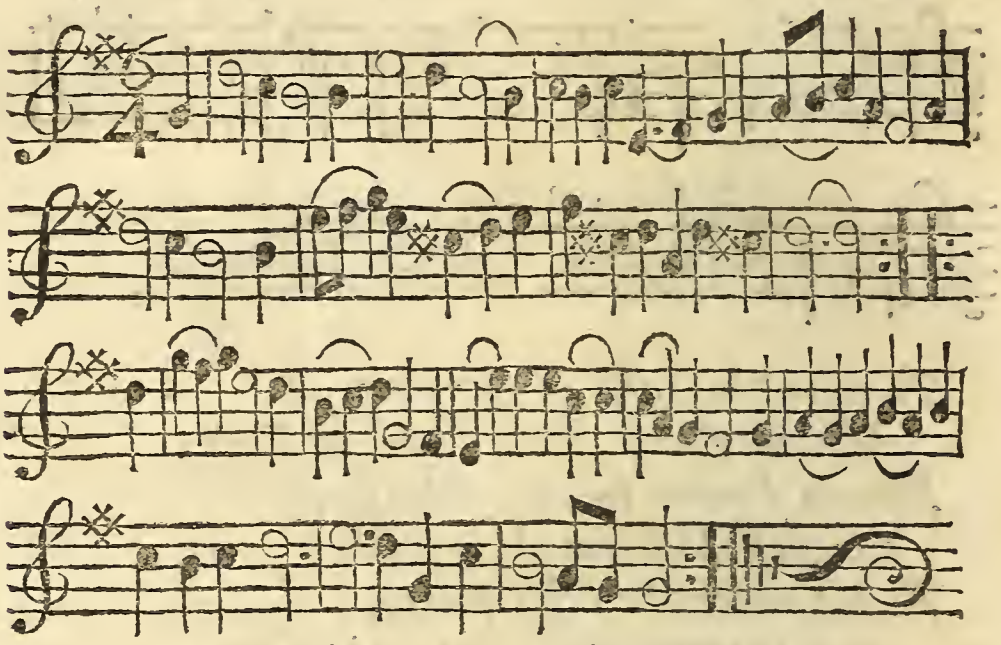
Plut. Out with it, out with it; I have a taſte in every thing, I; for I buy of every thing. He wants nothing that don't want Money; he has Jewels, Furniture, good Cheer, Wit ——

Vulc. One may ſee plain enough, that you pay dear for your Wit, you're ſo ſparing of it.

Mom. Peace, *Vulcan*; you ſteal from me. Hearken. Mind the Sample I told ye of.; 'tis *the* OLD BABOON *ſtript.*

The OLD BABOON *ſtript.*

AIR XI. She wou'd not die a Maid



An Old Baboon *of rueful Mien,*
Having long time a Courtier been,
And many Revolutions ſeen,
Amaſs'd up Wealth great Store.
That Magnet draws him many Friends,
Whom (Courtier like) he condeſcends
To promiſe, what he ne'er intends,
Or never thinks on more.

II.

They in return his Levee grace,
And praiſe his Wit, his Shape, and Face;
Each hopes to gain ſome pretty Place;
But mark how Fate devis'd:
An Order came from Court one day,
To take his Ill-got Wealth away,
Then (like the Feather-borrow'd Jay,
Diveſted) he's deſpis'd.

Vulc. [*Looking at* Plutus] Ha, ha, ha! ſhall I fetch Signor *Plutus* a Looking-glaſs? does he know his own Face when he ſees it? *Plut.*

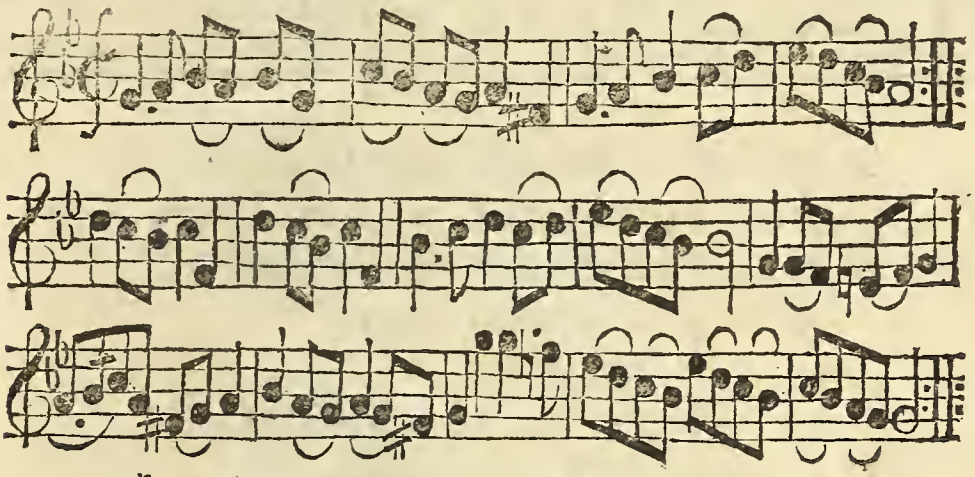
Plut. Pooh! why 'tis not me this Fable alludes to. I can't ſee my own Face there indeed.

Vulc. That's none of *Momus*'s fault.

Mom. [*Aſide.*] Stupid Dolt! Theſe great rich Rogues, with being conſtantly tickl'd with Flattery and Champaign, grow ſo dull that they have no more taſte for an Epigram, than they have for Burgundy: Nothing but mere Brandy-Satyr will make them feel ——

Plut. Take my Advice, honeſt *Vulcan*; go home to your Forge, and meddle no more with Love; it don't ſit well upon you at all.

Vulc. I own it ſits no better upon me than it does upon you. I do my ſelf Juſtice; I know very well I'm no Beauty. However, lame as I am, I may happen to marry *Venus* in ſpite of your Beard, your Golden Beard.

AIR XII. When the Kine had given a Pail-full.

Tho' I boaſt no blooming Graces,
In my Perſon, or my Mind;
Love views by priſmatic Glaſſes,
And may various Beauties find:
Women's Fancies,
Like Romances,
Many Revolutions ſhow,
The Fools (deſpis'd)
Are often priz'd,
The Wiſe are anſwer'd, No, no, no, &c.

Plut. You are very ſanguine.

Vulc. I have no Strong-Box; but I have *Jupi-*

ter's Favour: he has promis'd to make me *Venus*'s Husband.

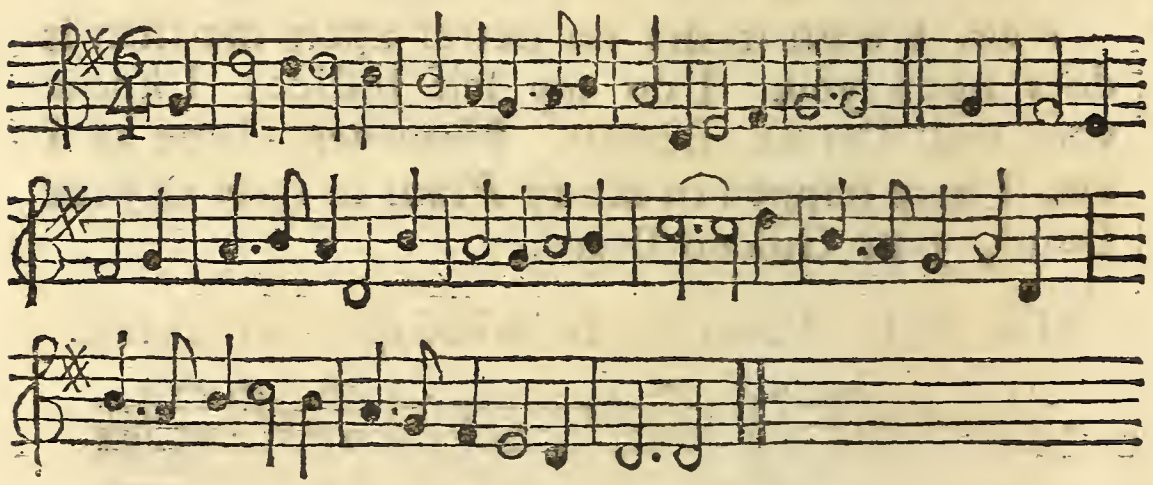
Mom. [*Aſide.*] Becauſe he has a mind to be her Gallant. —— [*to them.*] Since *Jupiter* is your Friend, I'll preſent you with a new Fable of mine.

Vulc. But pray let it be intelligible.

Mom. Oh it ſhall be as plain as the Noſe on your Face. 'Tis *the* Ass *married for a Cover.*

The ASS *married for a Cover.*

AIR XIII. Under the Greenwood Tree.



A gallant Steed fell deep in Love
With a young and ſprightly Mare,
Who ſoon his Paſſion did approve,
And equal Ardour ſhare.
In ſoft Amours
They paſs'd their Hours;
Till fearing loſs of Fame,
It was agreed,
She ſhou'd be wed,
T' avoid impending Shame.

II.

The Steed perſwades the ſilly Aſs
To make this Mare his Bride;
He fond to wed a Beauty was,
And ſoon the Knot was ty'd;
The Lovers too
Their Joys renew,
Which take a firmer Root;

With bliſsful Toil,
They plant Love's Soil;
The Husband reaps the Fruit.

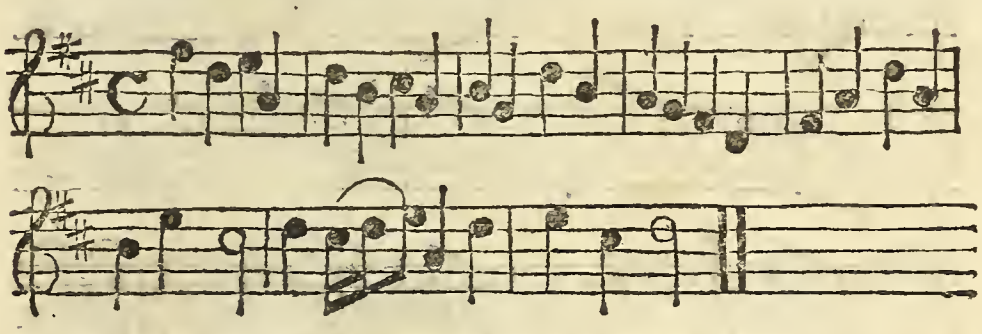
Vulc. [*laughing.*] Well, what's all this to the purpoſe?

Plut. How clearly does *Vulcan* prove the Juſtneſs of this Fable, when he is ſo ſtupid, as not to know who the Aſs means ——

Vulc. No more an Aſs than your ſelf, Mr. *Plutus*; there are more Aſſes among your *Uſurers* than among my *Blackſmiths*. But you may jeſt your fill, you'll ſee me *Venus*'s Husband for all that.

Plut. In nine Months time then (may be) we may have Ears to meaſure, that may not be quite ſo long and ſo flapping as Maſter *Grizzle*'s.

Vulc. Meaſure your Heart out, if you will; I know nothing of your Meaſuring, not I. Adieu, honeſt *Momus*; I'm afraid *Venus* won't know what to do with her Self, 'till I am with her.

AIR XIV. Slaves to *London*, *&c.*

Vulc. *Shou'd my Hopes ſucceed with* Venus,
Happy Hours will paſs between us:
Plut. *Rather ſay, Unhappy Years,*
Of unquiet jealous Fears.

I have far ſuperior Merit.
Vulc. *Yet I'll* Venus' *Charms inherit.*
Plut. *To ſupplant me in my Love,*
Fatal to your Peace will prove. [Exeunt.

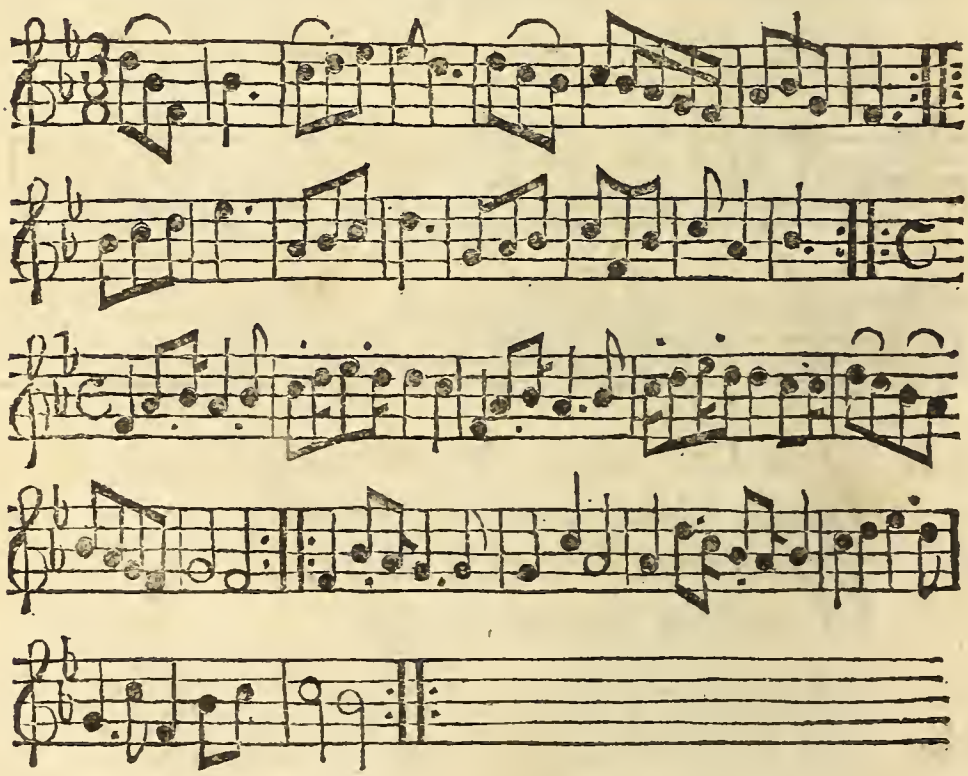
Mom. [*Laughing.*] That Fear is admirably well grounded, truly! I muſt needs follow *Vulcan*; his manner of quieting the tender Concern he thinks he has rais'd in *Venus*'s Heart may chance to furniſh me with a very ſingular Fable. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.

Enter Juno.

Juno. It is certainly the greateſt Plague that can befal a virtuous Goddeſs, as I am, to have a Libertine for a Husband. Since the Birth of that Coquet, *Venus*, I have not had one Hour's Peace. All the Gods have loſt the little Wit they had, for Love of her; and my Rake, *Jupiter*, is at the Head of the Faſhion; but I will ſo rattle him for't—— Tho' he carries that in his Hand, that ſhakes *Olympus*, I have that in my Head, which will make him tremble. Oh Love! O Jealouſy!

AIR XV. See yonder where ſhe lies.



Love, O Love! *I feel thy Dart,*
Piercing thro' my tender Heart,
The Wound it gives admits no Cure;
What Pangs do Minds in Love endure!

Envy and Rage at once poſſeſs my Boſom,
Grief too invades, and Jealouſy's in bloſſom.
With dire Deſpair I languiſh,
Since fickle Jove
Does faithleſs prove,
And dares to other Beauties rove,
Revenge muſt eaſe my Anguiſh.

SCENE X.

Enter Jupiter.

Jupit. Juno here!

Juno. What, you expected *Venus!* I ſuppoſe.

Jupit. If I did, I'm diſappointed it ſeems.

Juno. You've diſappointed me often enough, I'm ſure.

Jupit. When I ſee you, I look for a Storm, and am ſure to find it.

Juno. My Tongue is the only Part about me that I muſt make any Uſe of, and you wou'd deprive me of that too.

Jup. I confeſs it —— but 'tis beyond my Power. My Thunder is not ſo loud.

Juno. Mighty well —— and thus it is that you reward my conjugal Virtue! I wonder at my own Patience —— I ſhou'd do you but Juſtice, if I ſhou'd pay you in your own Coin.

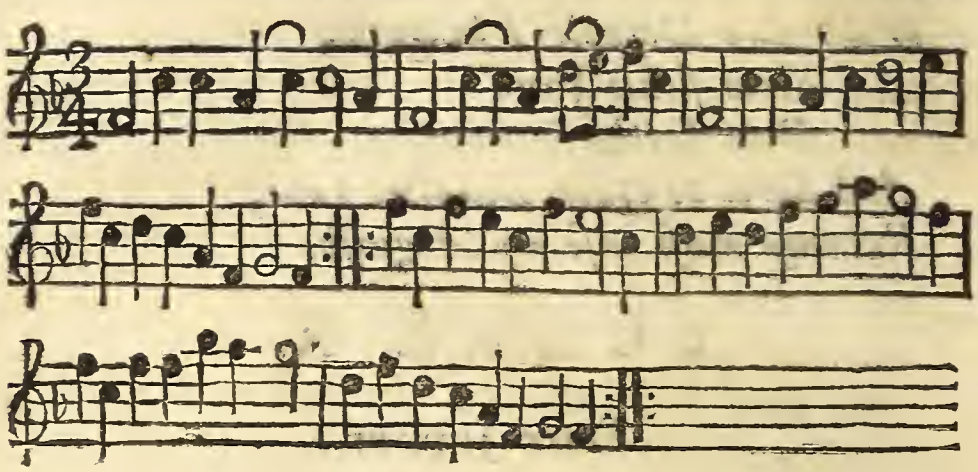
Jup. Why don't you?

Juno. Becauſe I've too much Virtue.

Jup. No; becauſe you take too much Pleaſure in boaſting of it —— You've more Pride and ill Nature, than Love and Inclination. —— No more. Your Fears are vain; be aſſur'd you have no Cauſe for Jealouſy.

AIR

AIR XVI. The Biſhop of *Cheſter*'s Jig.



Juno. *To ſooth a jealous Heart,*
By any falſe Excuſe,
Does but augment the Smart,
And magnify th' Abuſe:
Whilſt you'd my Wrongs beguile,
To make my Rage recoil,
Like Water on burning Oyl,
Jealouſy glows the fiercer.

O thou Monſter of Ingratitude! baſe, barbarous, *Jupiter* ——— this Tameneſs of mine makes me bluſh at my ſelf ——— to think that I ſhou'd want Spirit to reſent ſuch horrid Injuries. Were not your Beaſtly Amours for theſe 2000 Years paſt, and your preſent provoking Intrigue with *Venus*, enough—but you muſt trample upon my eaſy Nature, by depreciating my Virtue?

Jup. O! the conjugal Comforts of a virtuous Wife!

Juno. Yes, and ſuch I will continue, ſpite of your Provocations; as an Example to the inferior Gods and Goddeſſes.

Jup. And if they don't take Example — - may they be married ——— If there be a Curſe beyond that, I confeſs it is what I know nothing of.

Juno. What is the Reaſon that you uſe me thus?

Jup. I don't uſe you at all.

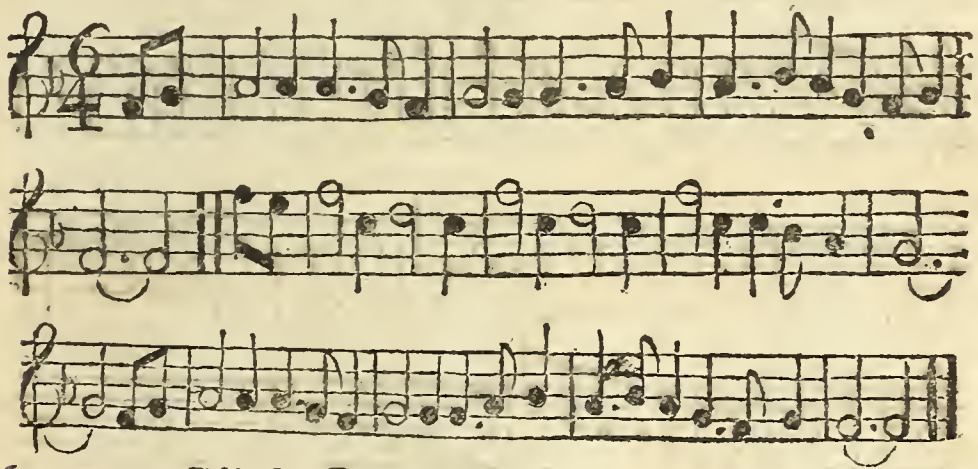
Juno. The more ſhame for you. Have not you been married to me long enough? ———

Jup. Too long by all the time.

Juno. To be acquainted with my Perfections?

Jup. I cou'd never find 'em out.
Juno. Will you deny me Senſe?
Jup. No——nor Tongue——
Juno. You will grant me Prudence?
Jup. Not enough to govern that.
Juno. I'm ſure, I've been a loving Wife.
Jup. I'm ſure you're a jealous one.
Juno. Have I not Beauty?
Jup. Enough to Pride your ſelf.
Juno. Ha, ha, ha! you think I'm vext now—you're diſappointed: I'm pleaſed.
Jup. That's ſtrange indeed!
Juno. To think that you can't get rid of me—Tho' I have no Talents to pleaſe you, I have thoſe, which, as I ſhall manage 'em, will plague you ſufficiently.
Jup. O how I envy the State of Mortals! A Man that is tied to a Shrew may quit himſelf of his Burden at the Expence of a Trifle; but a married God has no Remedy, tho' he wou'd purchaſe it at the Expence of his Immortality. [*Aſide.*]

AIR XVII. *Joan's* Placket.



Jup. *I'll the Deity reſume.* [To *Juno.*
Juno. *And I the Wife of* Jove.
Jup. *To croſs my Will do not preſume.*
Juno. *I'll ſpoil what you approve.*
Jup. *Jealous Creature!*
Juno. *Wanton Satyr,*
Fond of vicious Love.
Jup. *I'll the Deity reſume.*
Juno. *And I the Wife of* Jove.

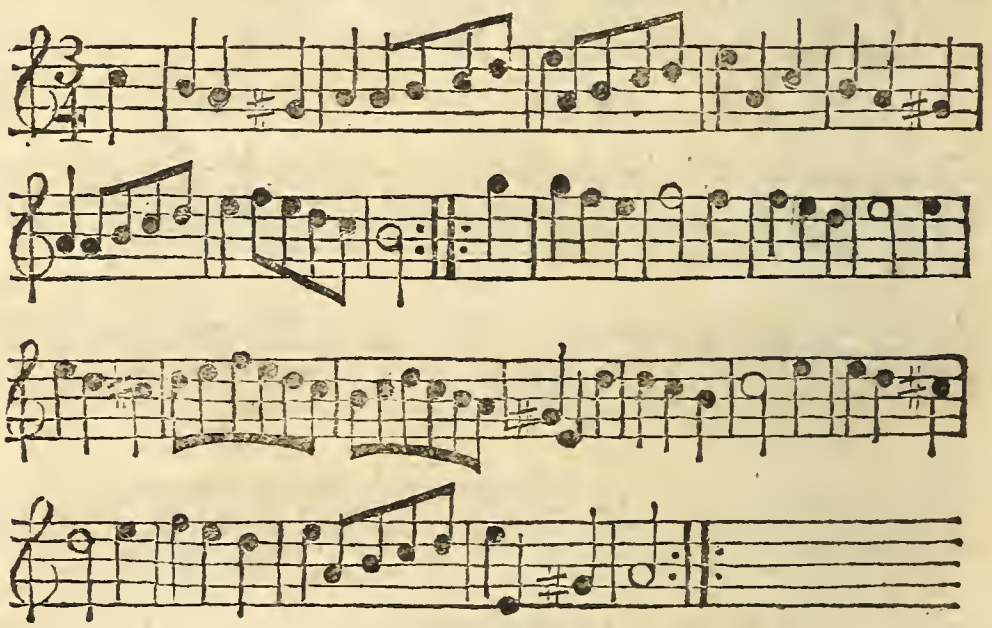
The End of the Firſt Act.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Momus *croſſes the Stage. Enter* Mars *calling after him.*

MOmus, *Momus* — I'd lay a Wager he's run to enquire after the News that I came to tell him, which puts me into a bodily Fear, as much *Mars* as I am. *Deſtiny* has juſt this Moment pronounc'd his Decree: He leaves *Venus* her own Choice, both of her Husband, and Place of Reſidence: In one Hour's time, and in this very Place, the Goddeſs muſt fix upon one among her Admirers. I'm horridly afraid ſhe ſhou'd honour me with the Preference. *Venus* is very lovely, but then ſhe loves me.

AIR XVIII. *Let* Burgundy *flow.*



The Paſſion of Love,
After its Invaſion,
To no Perſuaſion
Will liſten, nor move,
'Till Fruition we prove.
But, having enjoy'd,
The Fancy's ſoon cloy'd, *In-*

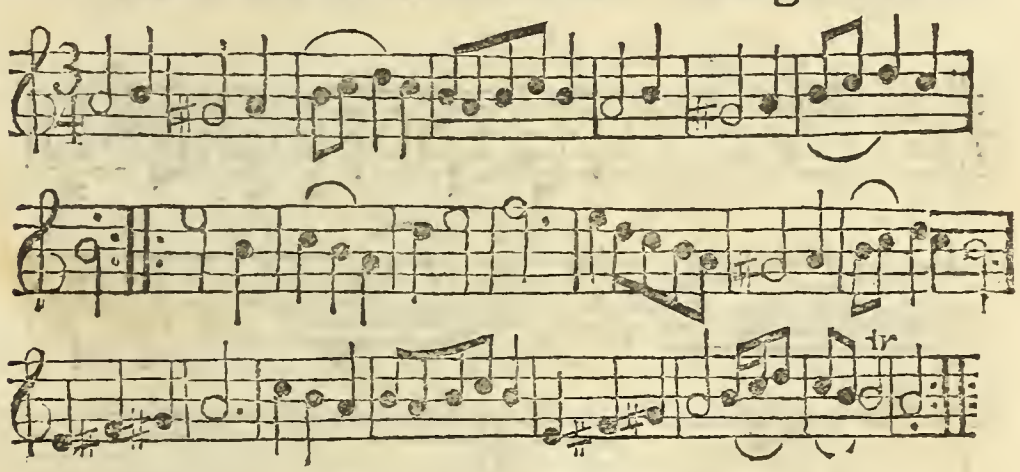
Indifference ſucceeding;
Yet whilſt we're receding,
The fair One poſſeſt,
Fierce Love does inveſt
With ſtrongeſt Deſires, when we have the leaſt.

But here comes one of my moſt formidable Rivals, the ſpruce *Apollo.* He is powder'd down to the very Rump; the tip of the Mode.

SCENE II.

Enter Apollo.

Apollo. [*Without ſeeing* Mars.] Let's muſe a little beneath this verdant Shade, upon the Charms of *Venus*, and my Tenderneſs. Heav'ns! how happy ſhou'd I be, cou'd I but poſſeſs that lovely Goddeſs! What bright, what piercing Eyes! What a delicate Shape! What irreſiſtable Sweetneſs! Alas! If they ever come to be mine, what Verſes ſhall I make in praiſe of them!

AIR XIX. Much I lov'd a charming Creature.

Beauty is a fragrant Flow'r,
Sweet to Senſe, and form'd to pleaſe;
All (who feel it) own its Pow'r,
Refreſhing as the Summer's Breeze:
Pleaſing as Hope,
Fierce as Deſires;
Dangers elope,
When Beauty fires.

Mars.

Mars. Let's hear his Thoughts of the Oracle of *Deſtiny*. I'll accoſt him [*Aſide.*] —— Ha, Signor *Apollo*, how elegantly you are dreſs'd! how nicely curl'd! You muſt have uſed a great deal of Paper about it; but you are in the right not to ſpare it, you have ſo much that's good for nothing elſe.

Apol. Mars can't help inſulting.

Mars. Nor *Apollo* whining.

Apol. You rally me; but yet you know very well the Sex are fond of the Wits.

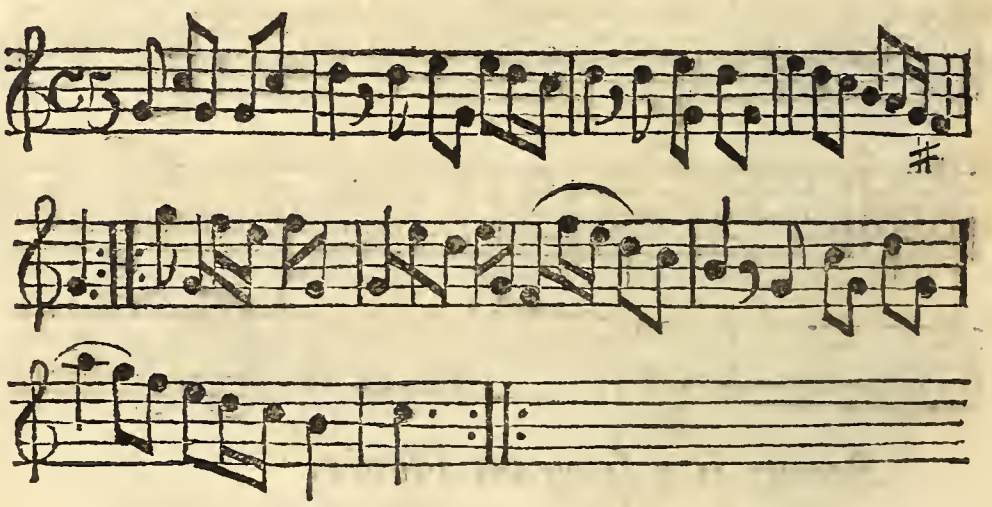
Mars. Yes, in their Aſſemblies; but in their Chambers they like the Soldier.

Apol. Does a Soldier know how to amuſe a Lady?

Mars. Hah! no, faith; we never amuſe them.

Apol. 'Tis the Wit that faſhions the Lady's Heart, teaches her the Power of her Charms, celebrates them in his Works.

AIR XX. In *Kent*, ſo fam'd of old.



In poignant Wit is ſeen
A certain Cure for Spleen:
Tho' Satyr's Edge be keen,
And Cenſures threaten,

Severe

Severe and certain Truth,
Of Faults, in Age or Youth,
The Power of Wit can ſooth,
And Anger ſweeten.

II.

Wit has (like Beauty) Charms,
A Heart at Peace alarms,
A frozen Female warms,
A Bard inſpires.
Concomitant does prove,
Of Wine, Diſcourſe, and Love,
Does anxious Hours remove,
And Fancy fires.

Mars. Fye! fye! a Soldier's Miſtreſs is a thouſand times more famous than a Wit's.

Apol. 'Tis true, they publiſh their Amours as much as they do their own Exploits. The *Gazette* is their Confidant in every thing.

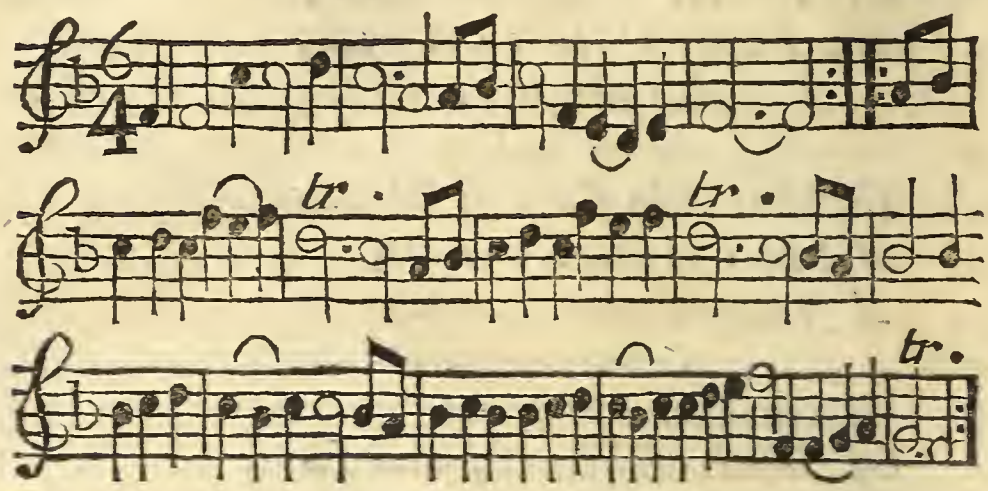
Mars. I find, by your Diſcourſe, you are in hopes of fulfilling *Deſtiny*'s Oracle to-day. But if you marry *Venus*, I fear your *Harp* will lay her aſleep.

Apol. [*Laughing.*] Your *Trumpets* will wake her.

Mars. Laugh as much as you pleaſe, our warlike Muſick touches the Heart a thouſand times more than your dying Sounds; and I have an honeſt Kettle-Drummer in *Thrace*, that I dare ſay diverts the Girls thereabouts better than all the nine Muſes put together.

AIR

AIR XXI. The Widows ſhall all have Spouſes.



A Soldier wins a Beauty,
As he gains a Frontier Town,
By being on conſtant Duty,
Beſieging for Love or Renown.
Love's Garriſons, weak and tender,
Have Virtue a while their Defender;
But the Hero comes
With Beat of Drums,
And into the Cittadel throws his Bombs,
He ſtorms, and they ſurrender.

Apol. So, *Mars*, I perceive you are confident of marrying *Venus*.

Mars. No, Faith, not I. I have felt my own Pulſe; I'm utterly unfit for Marriage. I love the Sex too well.

Apol. Very good!

Mars. And *Venus* loves Gallantry too well. I'm not of a peaceable Temper enough to ſee my dear Spouſe cajol'd, or to read over her Lovers Sonnets with her: I ſhou'd be apt to fling ſome God or other out of the Window.

Apol. Do you then abſolutely renounce your Pretenſions to *Venus*'s Hand?

Mars. I find ſhe is much fitter for you than for me. You have more Quietneſs and Prudence in you,

you, than I have: You'll revenge any conjugal Affront that may be offer'd you, with nothing but a Stroke of an Epigram, or ſo. Look ye, if you make your Court to me, as you ought, I don't know but I may get *Venus* to chuſe you. I have ſome little Credit with her. But here comes *Momus*; tell your Griefs to him; he's an excellent Comforter.

SCENE III.

Enter Momus.

Mom. [*Not ſeeing them.*] I have loſt my Labour. I met with no-body but *Silenus*, and he drunk. I repeated a Fable to him; he heard it with a great deal of Patience, and fell aſleep at the Moral — But here's *Apollo* and *Mars* very luckily got together. I muſt not miſs theſe Sparks; that wou'd be a Loſs not to be repair'd.

Mars. Oh, are you there, *Momus*? Pray wiſh the God of *Parnaſſus* Joy; he's going to marry; he has already bottled off fifteen Dozen of the Water of *Hippocrene* for the Wedding.

Apol. *Mars* has great need to rally me indeed! a poor God that has nothing but his Sword to truſt to.

Mom. You talk like Rivals, Gentlemen.

Mars. I know my ſelf too well to pretend to rival *Apollo* with the Ladies; I cou'd never hold out againſt his Verſes. I ſhou'd deſert.

Apol. We ſhou'd be vaſtly oblig'd to you. Dulneſs wou'd deſert with you.

Mars. [*Laughing.*] The Milk-ſop, *Phœbus*, will have it I'm dull! and yet I never went to his School.

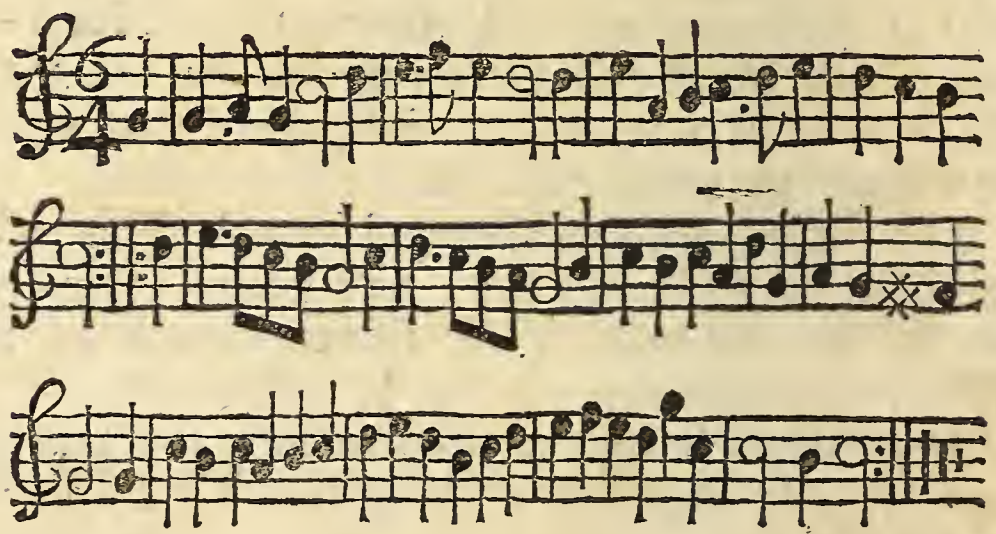
Apol. You wou'd not do amiſs to come to it; we ſhou'd cure you of abundance of Faults. We

wou'd teach you to be Polite, and to behave like one that's well-bred.

Mom. Your quickeſt way to teach him Politeneſs and a faſhionable Behaviour, wou'd be to carry him along with you to ſome great Lady's on a Viſiting-Day, or to ſome Lord's Levee. There you'll ſee the very Quinteſſence of Politeneſs. I'll tell you a Fable upon that very Subject; 'tis call'd *The well-bred Beaſts, or the Viſiting-Day.*

The Well-bred BEASTS; *or, the* VISITING-DAY.

AIR XXII. Mother, quoth *Hodge*, ſhall I have a Wife.



The Birds and the Beaſts were convened to meet,
To ſtudy new Ways to improve their Delight,
And Humane Nature to imitate,
In ev'ry Tranſaction, gay or polite:
Debates held long
Among the Throng,
To many Inventions, Objections they raiſe;
'Till by General Vote,
They reſolv'd to promote
The Publick Aſſemblies, and Viſiting Days.

This

II.

This Faſhion prevails, and is follow'd by all,
Each ſtrives to out-vie in Grandeur and Dreſs;
At every Tea-Table, Opera, Ball,
They practiſe Politeneſs, with Hopes of Succeſs;
To every Face
They laviſh Praiſe,
And flatter (if preſent) what moſt they hate;
But (if abſent) wou'd taint
The fair Fame of a Saint;
Thus follow Mankind in the Art of Deceit.

Mars. This may be, for ought I know, the Practice of People of little or no Merit towards ſuch as are as worthleſs as themſelves. But as for me, Oons! I—defy Malice it ſelf to find Matter for a *But*, a ſingle *But*, either in my Perſon or Qualifications. *Apollo* here is the very firſt that ever ſo much as hinted that I had a Fault: Every body praiſes me; People perfectly relieve one another to admire me.

Mom. Might I preſume to repeat a ſmall Fable to the admired *Mars?* ——— [To *Apollo.*] Have you Time to hear me?

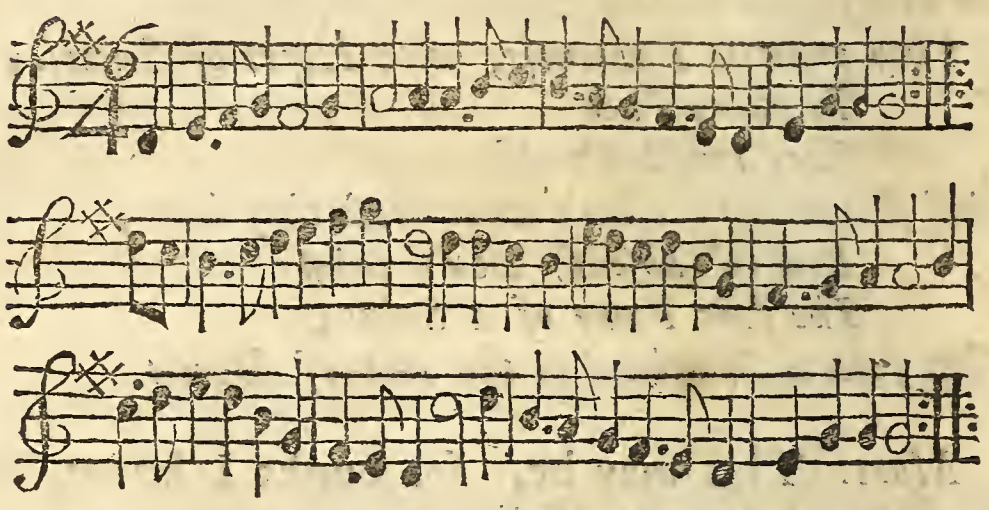
Apol. Yes; *Venus*, whom I accoſted juſt now hard by, deſired me not to follow her, to avoid the baſe Talk ———

Mars. That you wou'd have entertain'd her with.

Mom. Silence: 'Tis call'd *The* BULLY LYON:

The BULLY LYON.

AIR XXIII. The Country Farmer.



A Lyon in Power was cruel and proud,
Imagining Tyranny gain'd him Applauſe,
His Actions (tho' ſhameful) he boldly avow'd,
And held in Defiance eſtabliſhed Laws:
The four-footed Creatures did daily oppreſs;
Who (wanting the Means to break looſe from his
Or find for their Sufferings any Redreſs) [*Chain,*
Seem'd pleas'd with his Vices, which made him more
II. [*vain.*
'Till having been roaming one Morning for Prey,
And given his Appetite what wou'd ſuffice,
Returning, he found in the Cave where he lay,
A Writing, purporting this wholſome Advice;
The Beaſts do all hate thee, and not without Cauſe,
Their Love is affected, they ſooth thee thro' Fear;
To prove this Aſſertion, But pare off thy Claws,
Their Actions will ſhew, if their Hearts are ſincere.

Apol. I like this Fable as well———
Mars. As if you had made it your ſelf, Hah!
Apol. I give it my Approbation.
Mars. 'Sblews, I like the Fable well enough myſelf.

Mom.

Mom. [*To* Mars.] Shall I preſent you with a Copy of it?

Apol. The more you read it, the leſs 'twill pleaſe you; and then beware of the Claws.

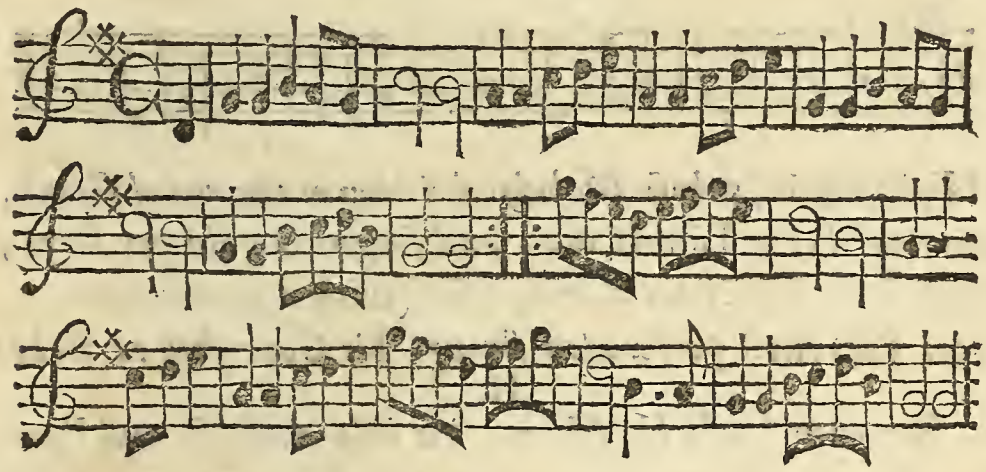
Mars. I forgive your Applications, upon account of *Venus*'s Indifference for you.

Apol. Venus has too fine a Taſte not to love me. Do you forget, without mentioning my other Talents, that I am the Maſter of that enchanting Art which teaches Men to talk the Language of the Gods? Poetry!

Mars. Oh, Poetry is no more current now among the Ladies, than it is among the Goldſmiths.

Apol. Can any thing be more moving than my Harp, or more inſinuating than my Voice?

AIR XXIV.



Soft Harmony diſpences
Moments pleaſing,
Joys increaſing,
Captivates the Senſes,
And ſooths a Mind deſpairing.

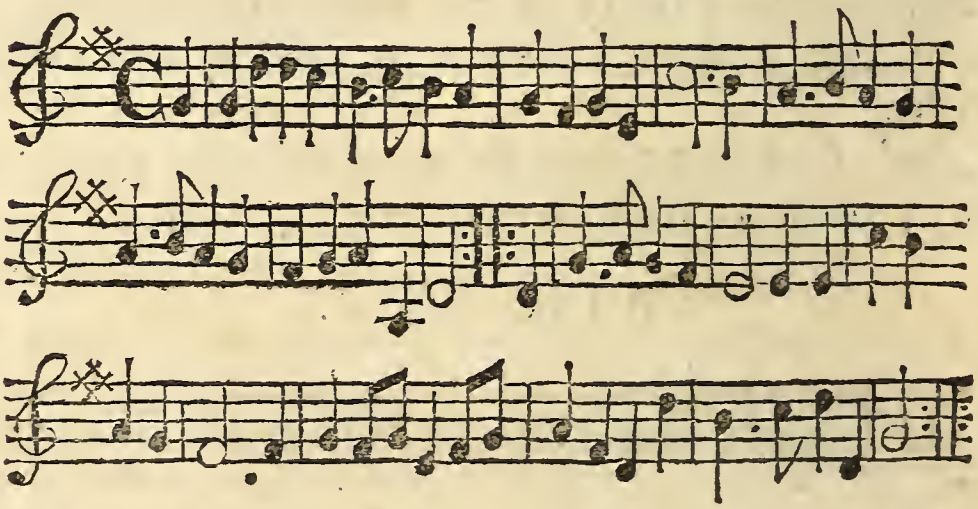
Mars. *Martial Muſick fires us,*
Strongly ſounding,
(Spirits bounding
With its Force) inſpires us
To Actions bravely Daring.

Mom.

Mom. Now you talk of Voices, you put me in mind of a certain Nightingale that was the moſt perfect Muſician in the World, except that he drank nothing but Water. He depended upon his Pipe to recommend him to a young Linnet that he admired. You ſhall hear the Fate of his Songs, and of his Paſſion. 'Tis call'd *The Enamour'd* NIGHTINGALE.

The Enamour'd NIGHTINGALE.

AIR XXV. In the merry Month of *June.*



A Nightingale, *whoſe Melody did charm the vocal Grove,*
Enamour'd of a Linnet *was, and ſought to gain her Love;*
A Sparrow *proves his Rival, who (with a ſcornful Air)*
Sweet Philomel *perſwaded ſtrong, his Courtſhip to forbear.*

II.

The Sparrow *boaſts his Merits, his bold Addreſs, and Parts;*
The other chaunts melodious Lays, that Bait for female Hearts;
Each claims ſuperior Virtue: But yet at laſt agreed
The Linnet *ſhou'd decide the Cauſe, and which ſhe lik'd ſuc-*

III. [*ceed.*

Both Parties ſhow'd their Eloquence, before the Judge belov'd,
When (to the Nightingale's *Surprize) the* Sparrow *ſhe approv'd;*
Aſſigning for her Reaſon, tho' Muſick charm'd the Ear,
The Sparrow's *Pow'r could every Hour a Female Heart endear.*

Mars.

Mars. [*To* Apollo.] Your humble Servant, ſweet Mr. *Nightingale*.

Apol. [*To* Momus.] *Momus*, *Momus*, you ought to keep Friends with *Apollo*, ſince you have taken to writing of Fables.

Mom. We have much occaſion for your Aſſiſtance indeed: Why, if it were not for the Rhymes, my Fables might paſs for Proſe: 'Tis a new kind of Poetry, of my own Invention; the Muſes have nothing to do with it. [Mars *laughs*.] You laugh, but I promiſe you in future Ages it ſhall be the reigning Faſhion.

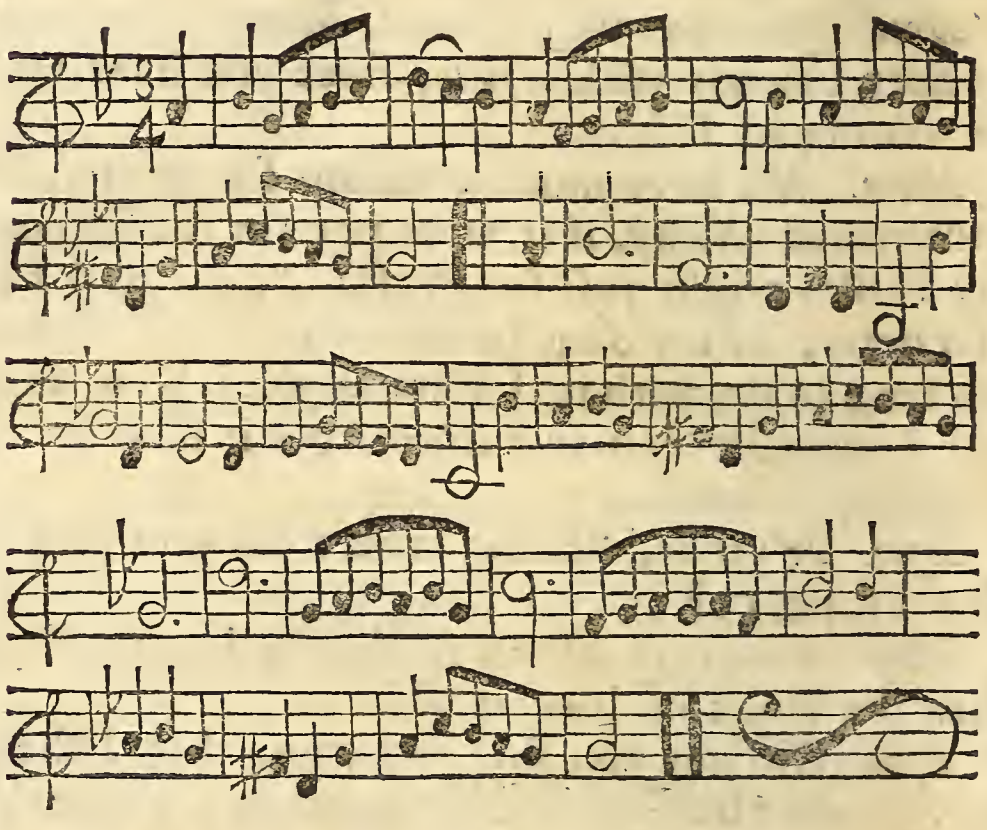
Apol. Pr'ythee, *Momus*, where did you pick up that Prophecy?

Mom. From no leſs an Authority I can tell you than the Book of Fate it ſelf.

Apol. Did not you find in it too, that I ſhou'd be *Venus*'s Husband? For I think, without Vanity, I am by far the beſt Match in Heaven, at this preſent ſpeaking.

Mars. The beſt Match in Heaven! a Poet and a Madman!

Mom. Terms ſynonymous; two Words for the ſame thing.

AIR XXVI. Says *Roger* to *Will.*

Apol. *My Verſe is ſublime,*
Mars. *'Tis doggrel Rhyme;*
Mom. *How exact the Fools chime,*
Tho' their Meaning's wide:
Apol. *My Numbers delight;*
Mars. *They rather affright;*
Mom. *Now who's in the right*
I cannot decide.
Apol. *My ſmooth Lines* Venus *will gain;*
Mars. *My Power will win her, you ſtrive in vain.*

[*Mars* and *Apollo*, to each other.]

You never ſhall make the bright Fair your Bride,
No, no, no, no, &c.

[*Momus*, half aſide.]

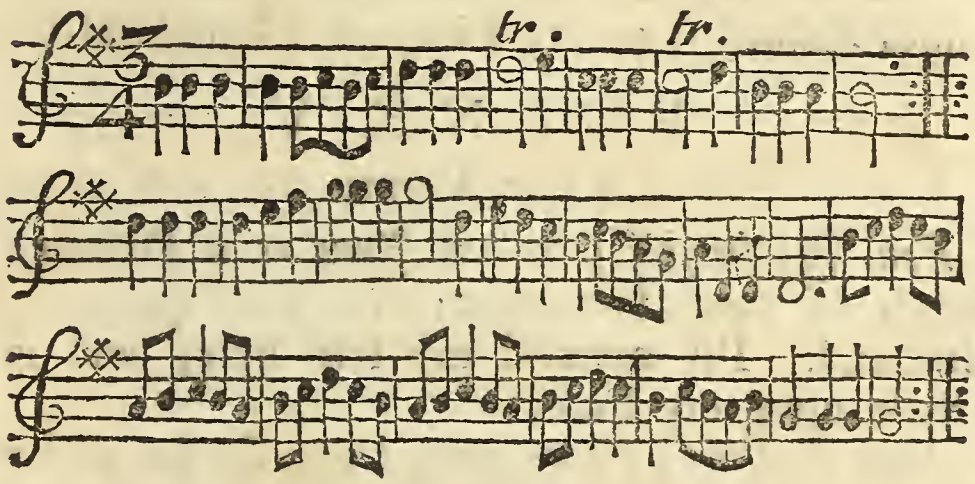
You neither ſhall make the bright Fair your Bride.

Apol. Yet I have good Hopes, for all that. I ſpoke to *Venus* but juſt now; ſhe graciouſly in-

treated

treated me to leave her, promiſing me that when ſhe came to a Determination about her Marriage, I ſhou'd ———

Mars. Make her *Epithalamium.* Fare you well; I leave you to ſtudy upon it: I don't doubt but you'll ſet about it with a great deal of Pleaſure, for I read in a Book but t'other Day, that you were *the obliging Apollo.* However, I wou'd not have you look upon me as your Rival. *Venus* no longer charms me; Glory is my only Paſſion.

AIR XXVII.

Beauty enſnaring,
Does captivate the Heart;
But War, interfering,
Deſpiſes its Dart.
Who'd be confin'd in the Limits of Love,
That around the wide World, bleſt with Freedom, may rove?
When Beauty enſlaves me,
Of Joy it bereaves me;
But Glory relieves me;
Its Pleaſures I'll prove. [Exit.

Apol. [*Aſide.*] How *Mars* uſes me! this is my Reward for having ſo often prais'd the Brute above his Deſerts. And you, Mr. *Fabuliſt,* depend upon it

it I ſhall find a Way to be even with you: I ſhall take care to inform *Jupiter* what fine Poetry you ſpread about. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Momus *alone.*

'Faith! not one of the Gods has common Senſe; they were never ſo ridiculous as they are now. *Jupiter* has pick'd out a fine time to deprive me of the Liberty of Rallery. He nick't it to a Minute. Had it not been for this Expedient of Fables, I ſhou'd ha' made a pretty Figure indeed on ſuch a Day as this! —— But Mum —— Here comes *Venus.* A pretty Piece of Houſehold-ſtuff.

SCENE V.

Enter Venus.

Ven. [*To herſelf.*] I ſaw *Juno* at a Diſtance in ſearch of me, I believe; for ſhe quitted her Husband. I'll conceal my ſelf here, and muſe a little upon my Fate.

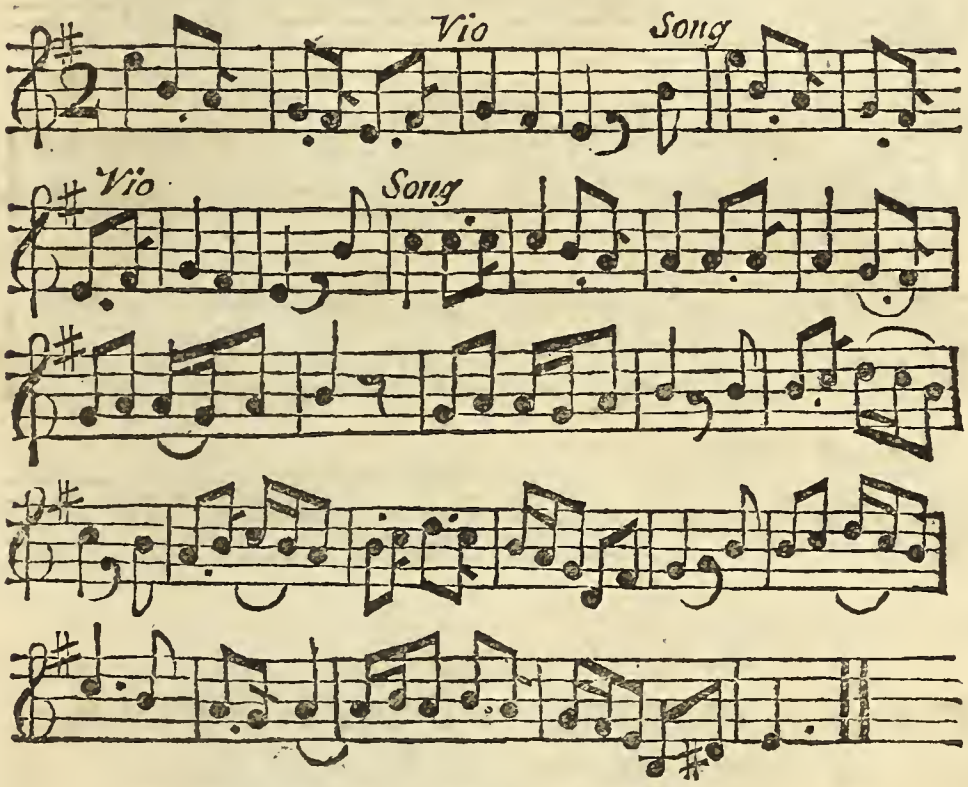
Mom. [*Aſide.*] *Venus* grave! can ſhe be in Love? No, her Gravity has more the Air of Reflection than Paſſion.

Venus. [*Still not ſeeing* Momus.] This perplexing Oracle! *Deſtiny* commands me to chuſe my own Husband, and allows me but one Hour to do it in.

Mom. [*Aſide.*] She's a long while alone! I'm ſurpriz'd at it. Can a Coquette have Time to think?

Venus. [*To her ſelf ſtill.*] All the Gods ſigh for me, and none of 'em touch my Heart —— I liſten to them all, from *Jupiter*, quite down to *Vulcan:* This amuſes me agreeably. I ſhall loſe this Pleaſure if I marry —— perhaps not. It depends upon the Choice I make. How this Choice confounds me! How it diſturbs me! I don't know what

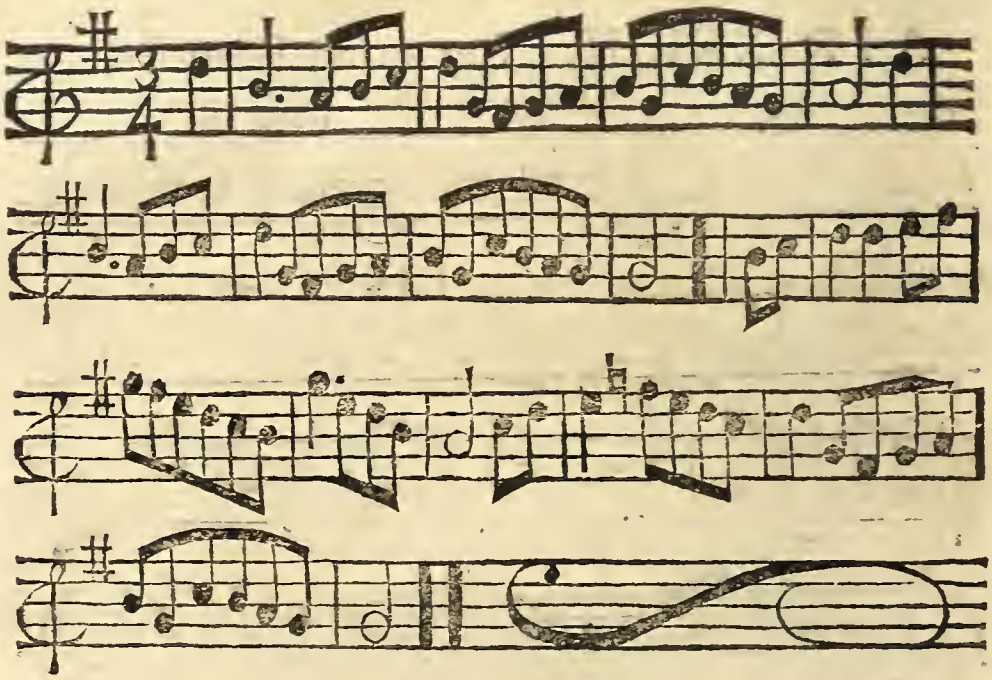
what Husband I ſhall have, and yet I hate him already.

AIR XXVIII. Let other Beauties.

Marriage is hateful,
Confinement ungrateful;
A Husband's a Mirror,
Reflects Grief and Terror,
Pride and Jealouſy:
Whilſt we (unwedded) thoſe Fears deſtroying,
Our Loves enjoying
With Liberty.

Mom. [*Accoſting her.*] Have you nam'd him?
Ven. Whom?
Mom. Your Husband.
Ven. Alas!
Mom. Did ever any Woman ſigh at the Name of her Husband? 'Tis an Incongruity. Tell me freely, you'll chuſe *Mars?*
Ven. Wou'd you have me take a Husband that has only the Winter to ſpend with his Wife?

AIR

AIR XXIX. On yonders high Mountain.



A Husband lights a Fire
In an amorous Bride,
Which burns with fierce Deſire,
And muſt be well ſupply'd.
Shou'd he leave her,
She'd endeavour
To enjoy Variety.
Actions pleaſing
Are but teizing,
Without Satiety.

Mom. The whole Year is not long enough indeed, according to a young Bride's Kalendar —— But let us talk a little —— Do you prefer *Apollo?* —— He's a ſmart ——

Ven. I'm ſick at the Thoughts of him —— Heav'ns!

Mom. The Name of the God of *Parnaſſus* can't frighten you ſure!

Ven. Don't you ſee *Juno*, who has purſu'd me quite hither?

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Juno.

Mom. [*Aſide.*] Here's like to be a fine Wrangle for me. *Juno* looks ſtedfaſtly upon *Venus*, and yet I durſt lay a Wager *Juno*'s Thoughts are upon her Husband.

Juno. Well, Goddeſs, have you choſe your Husband?

Ven. Not yet.

Juno. [*Angrily.*] Not yet! not yet! Intolerable Coldneſs! but I gueſs the Cauſe, I gueſs the Cauſe.

Ven. Is not the Cauſe of my Coldneſs the Cauſe of your Heat?

Juno. [*More angrily.*] Do you laugh? You wou'd do better to ask my Thoughts of your Conduct.

Ven. Your Thoughts! I know them already.

Juno. [*Very angrily.*] Who inform'd you, pray?

Ven. The Tone of your Voice.

Juno. [*In a very great Paſſion.*] The Tone of my Voice!

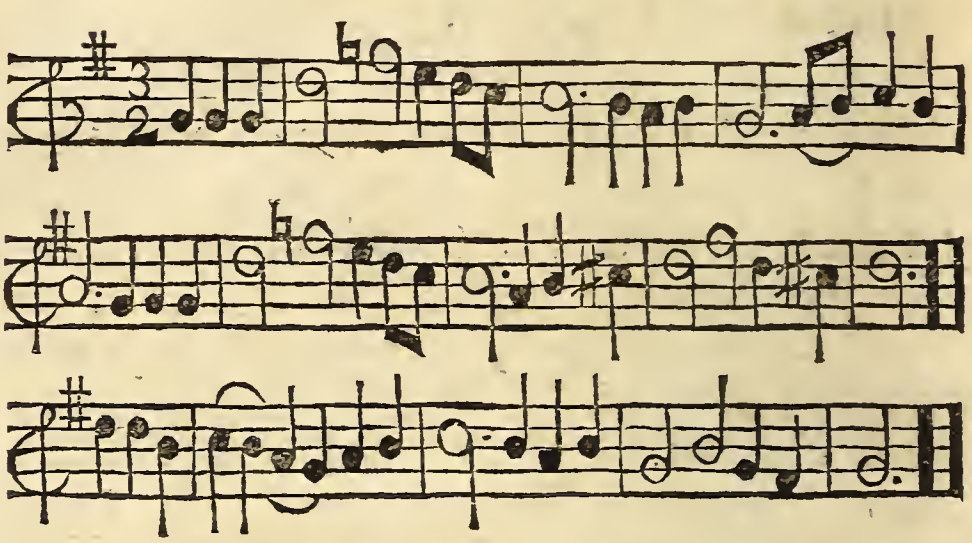
Mom. [*Aſide.*] How tender and charming it is!

Juno. The Tone of my Voice inform'd you then, that I wou'd adviſe you to marry ſome Sea-God, and go take up your Abode immediately beneath the Waves, with the Tritons and Porpoiſes.

Mom. [*Aſide.*] Fine Company ſhe has pick'd out for *Venus!*

Juno. Give over, give over this Trade of Coquettry, which was never known in the World, before you was born.

AIR

AIR XXX. Sometimes againſt a Craggy Rock.

How happy each revolving Year,
To Gods and Mortals did appear;
'Till Female Folly took its Riſe,
And Virtue ſoon transform'd to Vice;
But from that Period we may date
The World's Decline from Good and Great.

For I wou'd have you to know, that 'till then all our Goddeſſes were Prudes.

Venus. O horrid!

Juno. The Mind alone reign'd in all our Converſation.

Mom. And pray, what might the Heart do?

Juno. It harken'd to the Inſtruction of the Mind. We fed it in our Circles with good, long and wholeſome Diſſertations upon Eſteem —— Delicateſſe —— Reſpect —— Decorum ——

Ven. What Opiates! did not poor Heart dye of a Lethargy?

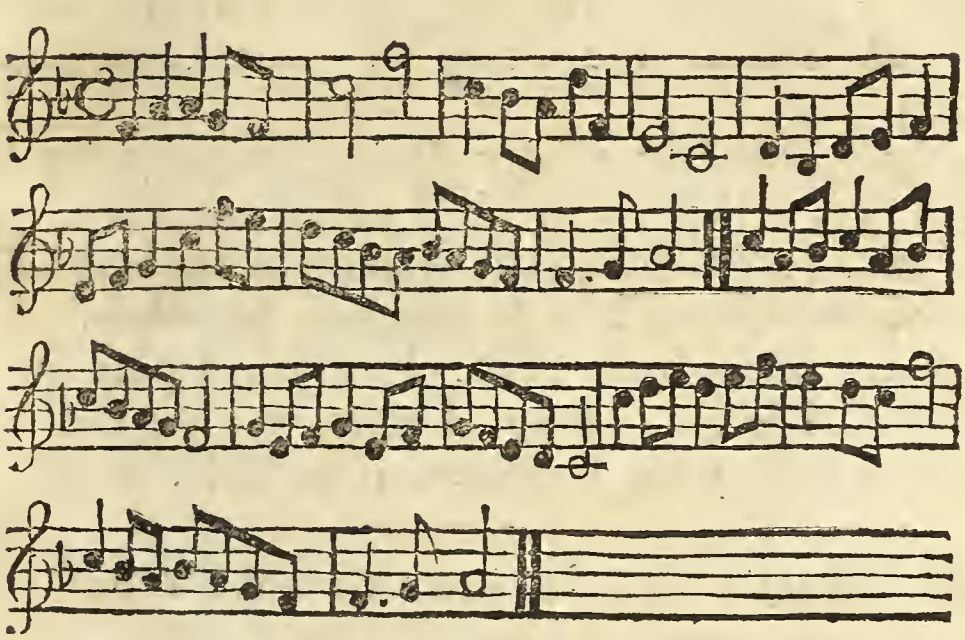
Juno. We entertain'd it with thoſe chaſte Romances, where the warmeſt Paſſion never attain'd its Object, 'till after having gone thro' a Tryal of at leaſt a Dozen large Volumes. You, Madam, have abridg'd them ſufficiently.

Mom.

Mom. For the Eaſe of the Reader.

Juno. But 'tis a Faſhion too prevalent among Females in this forward Age.

AIR XXXI. The merry Milk-Maids.



Females form'd for Loving,
Haſty Joys approving,
Let the Swain
Their Hearts obtain,
Nor dread their future roving.
Soon the Lover takes his Cues,
Fierce attacks, and ſtrait purſues;
Thus the blooming Fair ſubdues,
And wins the Prize—too ſoon they loſe.

Juno. Do but ask *Momus* what is ſaid of the fine Life you lead. Speak, *Momus*, ſpeak.

Mom. [*Aſide.*] How generous it is in her to offer to let me go Halves with her in her Scandal.

Juno. Tell her, *Momus*, tell her——

Mom. Once reign'd a Female Grey-hound——

[*He's beginning a Fable againſt Coquettes.*

Juno. That's much to the Purpoſe, truly!

Mom.

Mom. You muſt know, moſt auguſt *Juno*, that I am turn'd Fabuliſt: I beg you wou'd hear a new Fable that I have juſt thought of. It is call'd the *Coquette Female Grey-hound.*

Juno. [*Aſide.*] The *Coquette Female Grey-hound!* I fancy I gueſs his Drift. — [*Aloud.*] Well, tell us, *Momus*, tell us the Story of your Grey-hound Bitch.

Ven. [*Stroaking up her Hair, and admiring herſelf.*] Ay, tell it us, while I adjuſt my Hair.

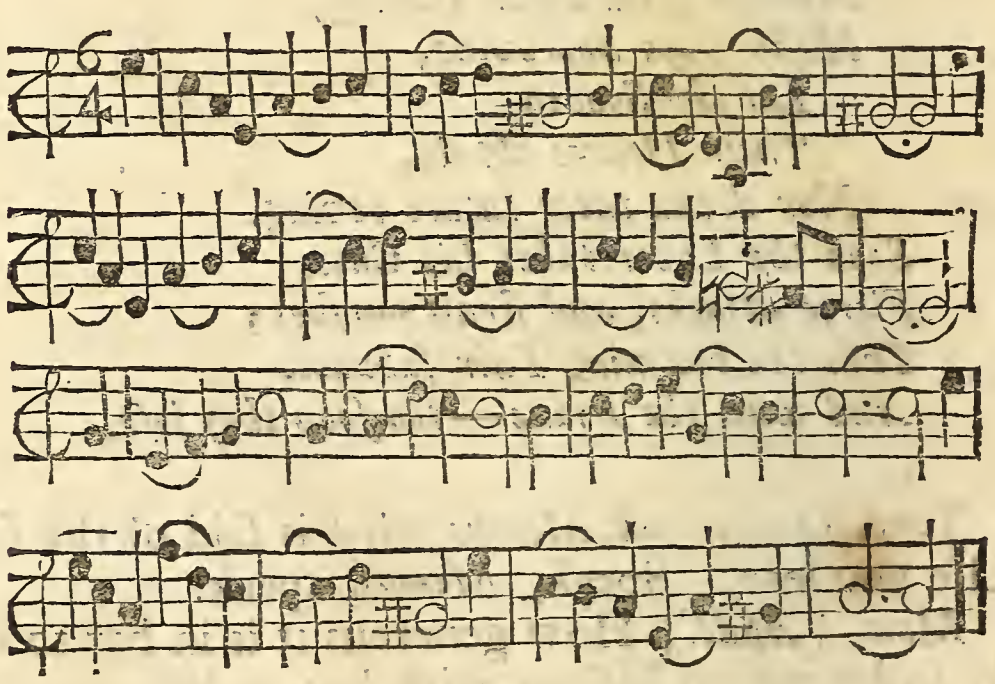
Mom. [*Aſide.*] See the Attention of theſe Goddeſſes, when you talk to them of Morality.

Juno. Make haſte then: I linger, I pine for it.

Mom. I begin. Pray, Ladies, do me the Honour to hold your Tongues, if poſſible.

The COQUETTE FEMALE GREY-HOUND.

AIR XXXII. One *Sunday* at St. *James*'s Prayers.



A Female Hound, *by many woo'd*
Among the Canine Breed,
Imagin'd ſhe all Hearts ſubdu'd,
And thus their Fates decreed.

Theſe

These are my Slaves, they court my Smiles,
And languish at my Feet;
To keep them mine, I'll practise Wiles,
And play the true Coquette.

II.

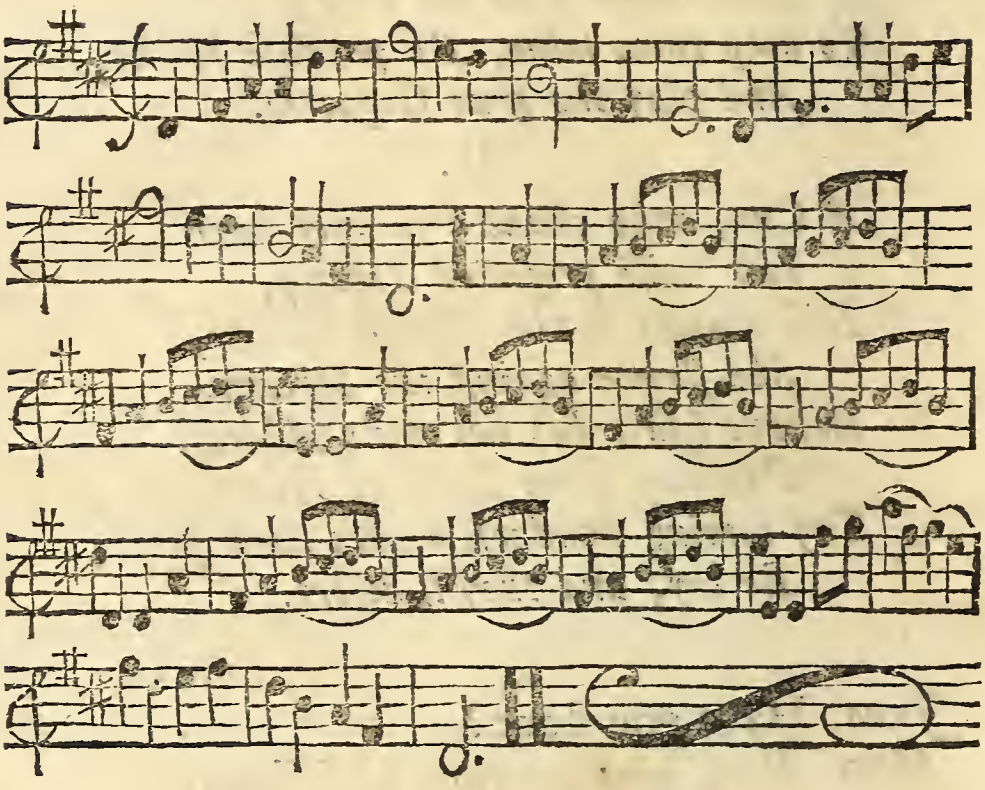
A Cur, who chanc'd to over-hear
Her wise projected Scheme,
Did bluntly to the Hound declare,
She strove against the Stream.
Believe (says he) not one's Address
Proceeds from Love at Heart,
Thy coming Fondness makes them press;
Be coy, and they'll desert.

Juno. Have you done?

Mom. Yes, you are now at Liberty.

Juno. Oh, how much to the Life does this Fable paint those little forward Creatures, who imagine they are oblig'd only to their Charms for the Assiduity of a thousand Lovers, who are drawn on merely by the Easiness of the Intrigue. The silly Animals are strangely deceiv'd when they ascribe to their Beauty, what they shou'd impute wholly to their Advances——

AIR XXXIII. The Highland Dance.



Ven. *A Prude does envy Beauties,*
Becauſe they excel;
Juno. *Coquettes deſpiſe their Duties,*
And always rebel.
Ven. *A Prude's a Creature*
Form'd by Nature,
To beſpatter
Virgins Fame;
Juno. *Coquettes are common,*
Wanton Women,
True to no Man,
Prone to Shame.
Ven. *Your Pride betrays you,*
Juno. *Folly ſways you,*
Ven. *Age decays you,*
Juno. *Vicious Dame.*
Ven. *Rude*
Prude,
Thus to cenſure Virtue, void of Blame.
Juno. *Still fret,*
Coquette,
Thus I will declaim.

Juno. [*Looking at* Venus.] We have ſome Grey-hound Goddeſſes.

Ven. And ſome Grey-hound Gods, eſpecially at running away from their Wives.

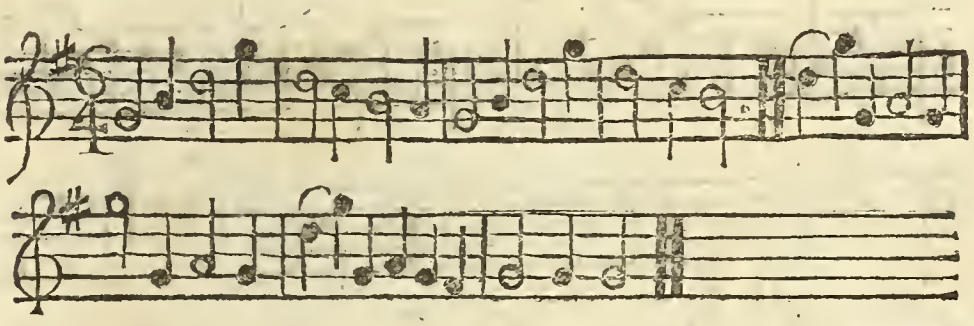
Juno. I underſtand you, I underſtand you. I know you rob me of *Jupiter*; but I will ſo upbraid him with his ſcandalous Inconſtancy, that I'll cure him on't, I warrant ye. When I have him alone, I am not dumb.

Mom. Now, for his Part, when he has you alone, he has nothing to ſay to you.

Juno. I'll ſo rattle my Gentleman, that I'll force him to give his Tenderneſs to me again: I can't conceive the Reaſon of his Indifference for me: He is not to be told that I have Virtue.

Ven. No, you tell him of it Night and Morning.

AIR XXXIV. Dance in *Sorcerer*.



Juno. *A virtuous Wife employs her Tongue,*
To make her Spouſe her Merits hear:
Venus. *That Wife is ſurely in the Wrong,*
Whoſe Taunts a Husband cannot bear.
Juno. *Yet I will haunt him;*
Venus. *That will not daunt him;*
Beauty'll enchant him.
Juno. *Curſt Deſpair.*

Mom. I have another new Fable to repeat to you.

Juno. Repeat it, *Momus*, repeat it: I am paſſionately fond of your Verſes.

Momus. This Fable is call'd the *Prudiſh Hen.*

Ven. Oh let me hear that, *Momus.* The *Prudiſh Hen!* Pray let me hear that.

Juno. Ay, do; but be ſhort: for I foreſee I ſhan't like it.

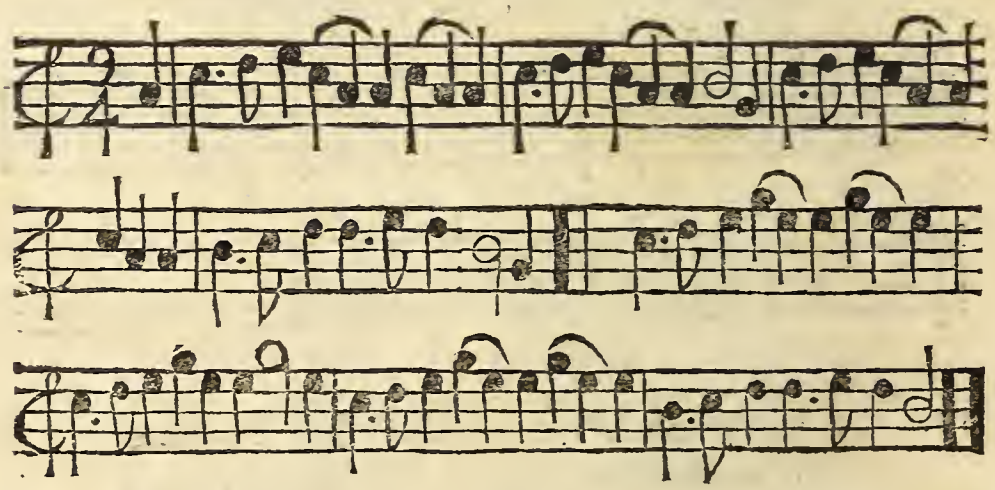
Mom. [*Aſide.*] Becauſe you foreſee the Application.

Ven. Begin, begin: I can hear you without Interruption.

Mom. No, you don't love any Interruption in your Pleaſures, I know. You underſtand them too well——[*Winks at* Venus, *and points at* Juno.] Here's my *Prudiſh Hen.*

The PRUDISH HEN.

AIR XXXV. Shall I be ſick for Love.



A Cock of a Humour gay,
Who married a Prudiſh Hen,
For every Word he did ſay,
Was anſwer'd with ten times Ten.
His Conduct examined cloſe
(For fear of his going aſtray)
By his virtuous inquiſitive Spouſe,
Made his Hours paſs heavy away.

The

II.

The warmeſt Affection grown cold,
Does ſeldom, or never revive;
Brisk Chanticleer, *plagu'd with a Scold,*
To lengthen his Chain did contrive;
And among the young Pullets did range,
There, Bliſs without Pain did enjoy;
Thus pleas'd with the happy Exchange,
He laugh'd at the Nuptial Decoy.

Ven. Ah poor Cock!

Mom. Alas! how many Husbands wou'd be kill'd with Spleen in their own Families, if it were not for theſe kind Comforters.

Ven. For my Part, I can't bear the Sight of a Prude. Farewell.

[*Looking at* Juno; *is going; but* Momus *ſtops her.*

Mom. But ———

Ven. But I have only a few Moments left to conſider of this Choice, that I am to make, and I can't loſe them.

Mom. Lovely *Venus*, you look out of humour with me.

Ven. No; the Greyhound forgives you. [*Goes off.*

Mom. Poor Slut! ——— [*to* Juno] Well, Madam, and what do you ſay to my laſt Fable?

Juno. I ſay 'tis very far from being comparable to the *Female Grey-hound*; if you make any more of that turn of thought, I ſhan't adviſe you to Print them.

Mom. I not only intend to Print them, but to Dedicate them to you.

Juno. Mercy on me! [*Runs away.*

Mom. See how we poor Dedicators are receiv'd now a' days, ſuch of us, at leaſt, as do not flatter our Patrons, and praiſe 'em for Virtues they are Strangers to. —But I have more Truths to divulge. ——— Happy that Deity who firſt comes in my Way. [*Exit.*

The End of the Second Act.

ACT III. SCENE I.

MOMUS *alone.*

MY Fables work ſo ſtrongly, not one God will ſuffer me to come near him. They fly me, as I were contagious. —How now, what pretty Puppet is this? 'Tis *Ægle*, the youngeſt Nymph of *Hebe*'s Train, that *Zephyrus* purſu'd ſo cloſe before *Venus* came amongſt us — What a pretty Subject ſhe wou'd make for a Fable! —

Enter Ægle.

Good morrow, my pretty Nymph. What vexation is this that I ſee in your Eyes?

Ægle. You know I have not ſeen *Zephyrus* of late.

Mom [*aſide.*] Pretty Sincerity! — [*to her.*] Oh! *Zephyrus*'s Love is far from being Sedentary. He's an inconſtant little Rogue, always airy and fluttering about: A Lady may amuſe, but can never fix him.

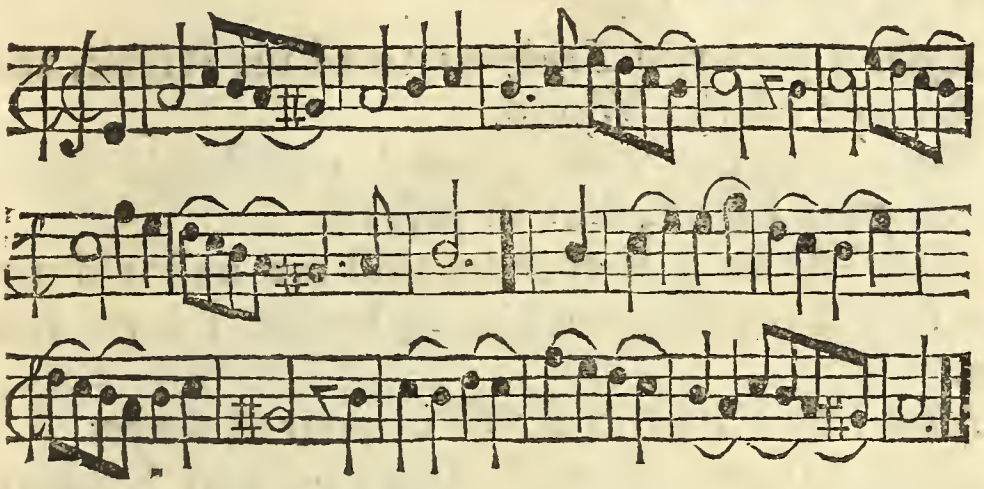
Ægle. My Reaſon ought to have told me what you ſay now.

Mom. Humph! the Reaſon of a Girl of your Age is no Medlar: Reaſon ſeldom has any thing to ſay againſt the Paſſions, till they are ſilent; and in a Girl of ten Years old 'tis very rare for the Paſſions to be mute. Look you, charming *Ægle*, Reaſon is like thoſe little ſnarling Lapdogs that run yelping after a great Dog. If the great Dog goes on quietly about his Buſineſs, the little Whelp barks on; if the great Dog turns, away runs little Dog.

Ægle. What an ugly little Cur is this ſame Reaſon!

AIR

AIR XXXVI. Ye Nymphs, and ye Swains.



Maids Reaſon, I find,
Is inconſtant as Wind,
And lets looſe thoſe Paſſions, it ſhou'd keep confin'd;
It permits us to hear
The falſe Youth's fond Addreſs,
Till we're caught in Cupid's *Snare;*
Then inſults our Heart's Diſtreſs.

Mom. But tell me frankly; your Lover you ſay is falſe?

Ægle. Alas! he is continually fluttering about *Venus.*

Mom. If *Zephyrus* were not flitting, he wou'd not be *Zephyrus.* He is the God of Butterflies and Fops.

Ægle. Oh the little Traytor! how I hate him!

Mom. I cou'd be content to take up with that ſame Hatred of yours.

Ægle. You have no Notion of delicate Sentiments.

Mom. You are too young, Child, to judge of them.

Ægle. No; I can't imagine what cou'd make *Zephyrus* leave me.

Mom. What did you do to retain him?

Ægle. I lov'd him with a perfect Sincerity.

Mom. A perfect Sincerity! there's a quality indeed for a pretty Lady.

Ægle. I preferr'd *Zephyrus* to all his Rivals, and in the face of the World.

Mom. Another wrong Step! you ſhou'd never prefer your Lover, but in private.

Ægle. As ſoon as ever he told me he lov'd me, I anſwer'd directly with a Sigh that I lov'd him too.

Mom. You are too direct in your Anſwers.

Ægle. I never ſhew'd him the leaſt Diſdain; nay, nor the leaſt Anger. I conceal'd none of all my Tenderneſs for him; I was continually hunting for him.

Mom. [*laughing.*] You were continually hunting for him, and do you wonder he is continually flying from you!

Ægle. Is there any other Secret to fix a Lover, but giving him ones Heart without reſerve?

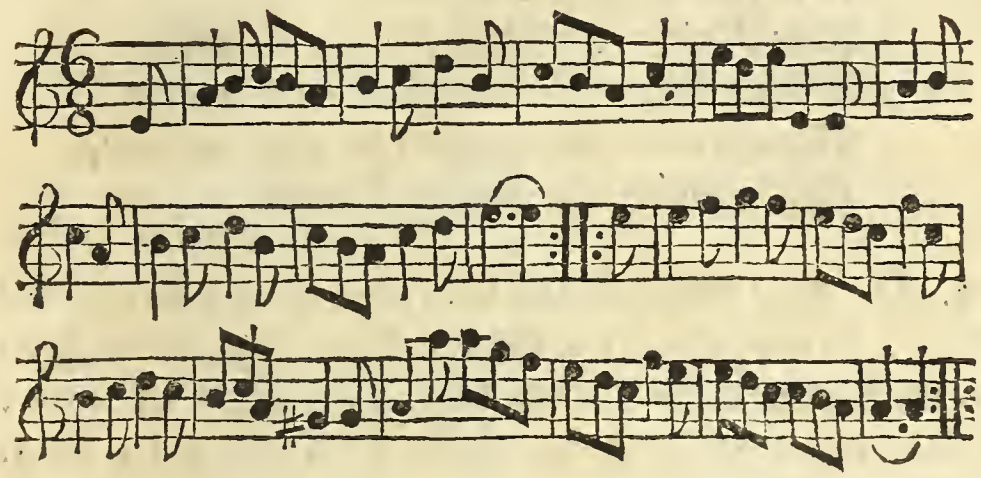
Mom. Ones Heart without reſerve! a pretty Secret you have got indeed! will you hear, Miſs Sincerity, a little Tale made on purpoſe for ſuch young Nymphs as give away their Hearts without reſerve.

Ægle. Will your Story teach me to recover *Zephyrus?*

Mom. It will teach you more; 'twill teach you how to preſerve three dozen of Hearts at a time for ten Years together, without coſting you a ſingle Sigh. Harken; *The Sugar-Plumb.* You love Sweet-meats, I dare ſay. *The Sugar-Plumb.* hem—hem—I find, Miſs, the very Title has gain'd me your Attention already. Pray mind.

The SUGAR-PLUMB.

AIR XXXVII. Cockamycari She.



At Athens, *in the Market place,*
A learned Sage
Mounted a Stage;
And to improve the Youths in Grace,
Yet ſend them pleaſant home,
An Angling Rod he did extend,
A Horſe-hair Line fix'd to its end,
On whoſe ſmall bottom did depend
A curious Sugar-Plumb.

II.

That Bait attracts the greedy Crowd,
One and all
Wait its fall;
Some, to ſee the Prize beſtow'd,
In hopes to gain it, ſome:
Suſpended long the Sweetmeat flies,
At laſt a brisk Youth caught the Prize,
Old Sage adieu, the Victor crys,
You have loſt your Sugar-Plumb.

III.

Yet ſtay, and hear me tell a Tale,
I ſhall ſhow
A Propos,
Says the Sage, 'twill ſure prevail,
It is the Female's Doom:
This Prize reſembles Virgin Hearts,
Which Man his utmoſt Power exerts
To gain —— then ſoon the Fair deſerts,
Cloy'd with the Sugar-Plumb.

Hem. Do you underſtand me, my lovely Nymph?

Ægle. I ſuppoſe you mean, that it is wrong to let ones Lover know ones real Thoughts of him; and that the true way to draw him on is to ſeem to fly from him.

Mom. What a penetrating Gueſs the Child has!

Ægle. I promiſe I'll improve by your Fable.

Mom. You are the firſt that has even promis'd me ſo much.

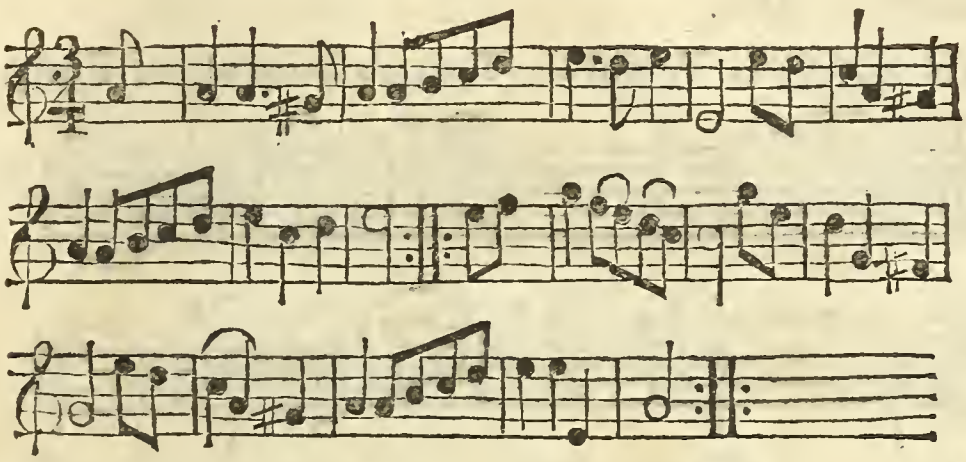
Ægle. If I live, I'll mend my Conduct.

Mom. See what 'tis to be young; ſhe fancies ſhe can mend.

Ægle. No, it ſhall never be as it has been. I'll take care to give my Lovers no Sugar-Plumbs.

AIR

AIR XXXVIII. Shepherd *Adonis*.



When Love reigns ſupreme
O'er the Heart of a Maid,
She does Wiſdom diſclaim;
And by Folly is ſway'd.
Each endearing Word
In an amorous Tale,
Told by her Ador'd,
Is ſure to prevail.

II.

'Till Love's downy Pillow
Is grafted with Thorns,
And a Garland of Willow
Her Forehead adorns.
Forſaken, ſhe's burning,
With Rage, Pain and Grief;
But Reaſon returning
Brings certain Relief.

Mom. Good that!

Ægle. They ſhall have nothing of me but Wormwood.

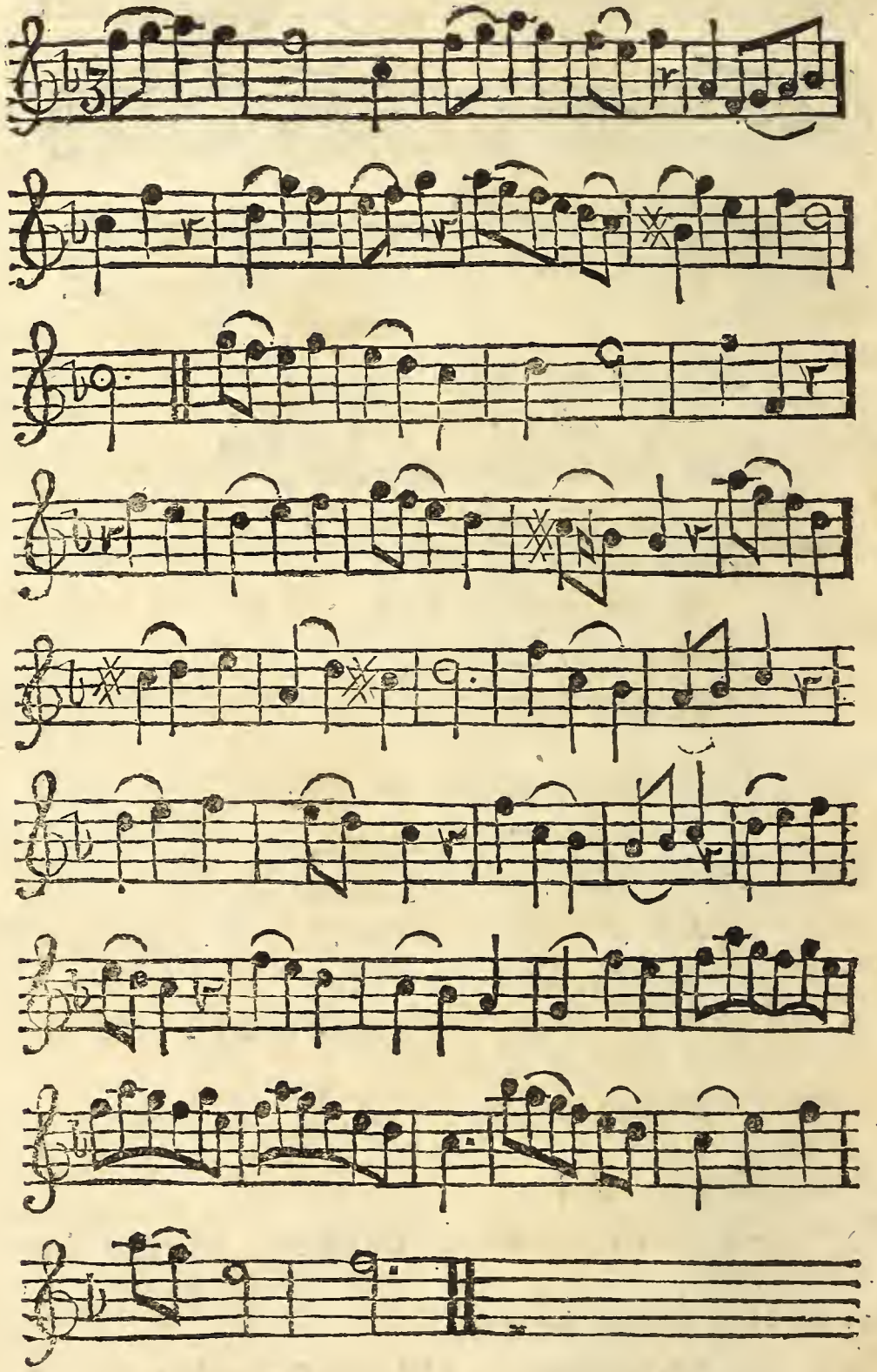
Mom. Better and better.

Ægle. Adieu, *Momus:* I'll go ſee what *Zephyrus* is doing.

Mom. There's a turn again! the Child's finely amended truly.

Ægle.

Ægle. Never fear. I'll fly from *Zephyrus* all the while I purſue him, and I'll ſee him without looking at him.

AIR XXXIX. Whilſt the Town's brimfull of Folly.

Thus I'll Charm my cruel Charmer,
And alarm my Soul's Alarmer.
Fly, if follow'd; fled, purſue;

Since

Since by flying, and purſuing,
We ſucceed in modern Wooing,
My Subduer, I'll ſubdue.——

Mom. Now you have your Leſſon right.

Ægle. You may truſt me, I warrant you: I ſhan't forget your Sugar-Plumb-Philoſopher. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mercury.

Mom. [*aſide.*] Where is *Mercury* going? Has *Venus* choſen him for a Husband, I wonder? He looks mightily pleas'd.

Merc. Oh have I found your Worſhip, Mr. *Fabuliſt? Jupiter* has had an account of your fine Writings, Sir.

Mom. [*frighten'd*] How!

Merc. And here he comes to thank you for 'em.

Mom. [*aſide.*] This is a damn'd ſcurvy Meſſage.

SCENE III.

Enter Jupiter.

Merc. Moſt worthy Maſter of the Gods, here's *Momus* come to repeat ſome of his new Poetry to you.

Jup. [*angrily.*] I'll talk with the Gentleman preſently.

Mom. May be, Sir, you have ſome private Buſineſs with Mr. *Mercury.* I'll withdraw, an' pleaſe you, and come again two or three Hours hence.—

Jup. Stay here, or——

Mom. Nay, I'll wait upon your Honour as long as you pleaſe.

Jup. [*to* Mercury.] *Mercury*, the deſtin'd Hour preſcrib'd to *Venus* is juſt come; ſummon all the Gods to give their attendance here. [*Exit* Merc.

Mom.

Mom. [*aſide.*] I fancy *Jupiter* has forgot me. I'll e'en ſneak off.

SCENE IV.

Jupiter, Momus.

Jup. So, ho! You grow impatient then it ſeems, moſt agreeable *Momus.*

Mom. [*fawning*] I grow impatient in the Company of mighty *Jove!*

Jup. Civil, humble Creature! No wonder you have been ſo obedient! I am inform'd, Sir, that ever ſince I forbid you ſpreading about your Calumnies, you have been doing nothing in the World elſe.

Mom. Horrible Scandal! pray inquire of all the Gods and Goddeſſes that have ſeen me, how I've behav'd my ſelf.

Jup. Why, they are your Accuſers.

Mom. O Ingratitude! I have not made one ſingle Reflection either upon their Perſons or Conduct. I only repeated a few Fables to them, which they were ſo complaiſant as to explain to one another.

Jup. You repeated Fables to them? they told me nothing of that.

Mom. 'Tis the way of People who report things, to tell only thoſe Circumſtances that blacken, and omit thoſe that juſtify.

Jup. [*ſhaking his Head.*] I doubt, I doubt you have been dabling in Defamation.

Mom. In none but what was wrapt up. Blame them that open'd it.

SCENE V.

Enter Mercury.

Merc. All the heavenly Court wou'd ha' been here by this time, but for an accident that has befaln the Auguſt *Juno*: She has juſt flung her ſelf upon her Bed: *Momus*'s Fables have given her the Vapours to that degree ſhe can't ſpeak.

Jup. [*aſide.*] Theſe Vapours happen very luckily. *Juno* wou'd have made a curſed Rout here.

Mom. [*aſide.*] I fancy *Juno*'s Vapours will plead my Pardon with *Jupiter*.

Jup. [*aloud to* Mercury.] Are you ſure *Juno* has the Vapours ſo much, that ſhe can't ſpeak?

Merc. [*pointing to* Momus.] Yes: She is oblig'd for that to Mr. *Fabuliſt* there.

Mom. [*to* Jupiter.] You ſee the Uſefulneſs of Fables.

Jup. No more Words: I forgive you for the ſake of the Invention.

Mom. [*aſide.*] And Madam *Juno*'s Vapours.

Merc. *Venus* advances, attended by the Gods.

SCENE VI.

Enter Venus, Neptune, Mars, Apollo, Plutus, *and* Vulcan.

Jup. Gods, we are all of us bound to obey the Oracle which *Deſtiny* has this Day pronounc'd. He commands, upon ſevere Penalties if his Decree is diſobey'd, that *Venus* immediately chuſe her ſelf a Husband, and a Habitation. She is free either to return to the Dominions of *Neptune*, or to continue to adorn *Olympus* with her Beauty.

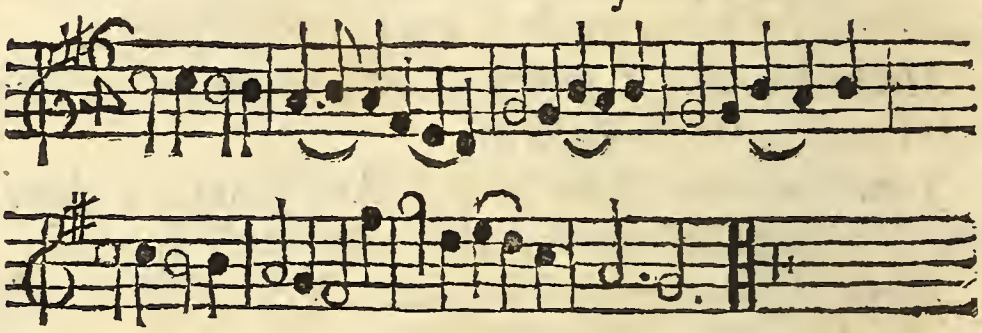
Ven.

Ven. [*giving* Jupiter *a gracious Look.*] *Deſtiny* does me too much Honour in truſting me with ſuch a Choice: but it is no eaſy matter to determine among ſo many Gods of diſtinguiſh'd Merit.

Mom. [*aſide.*] A pleaſant Figure a Coquette makes that's oblig'd to chuſe in publick!

Ven. [*Viewing and giving her ſelf Airs to all the Gods around.*] Let us then obey the Decree of Fate.

AIR XL. Country Bumkin.



Nept. *Sea-born* Venus, *fix your Choice:*
I am he
That rule the Sea,
Make your Guardian's Heart rejoice,
And ſay you'll marry none but me.

Plut. *Goddeſs, look with Love this way,*
I've Riches ſtore,
What wou'd you more?
All Mortals fervently obey
My Dictates, and revere my Pow'r.

Apol. *Beauty's Queen,* Apollo *try;*
I'll repeat
My Verſes ſweet,
And chant harmonious Melody:
With you, my Bliſs wou'd be compleat.

Merc. *Faireſt Goddeſs, form'd for Joy,*
Accept of me,
Swift Mercury;
Don't my blooming Hopes deſtroy,
Make me the happy Deity.

Nept.

Nept. [*to* Venus.] Remember I'm your Guardian.

Mom. [*aſide.*] He reminds her of that very thing he ought to wiſh ſhe wou'd forget.

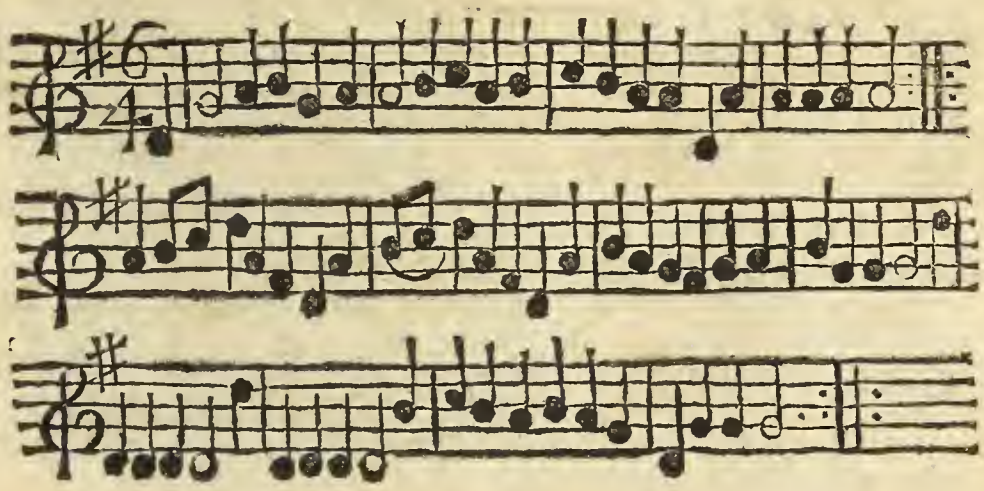
Plut. [*to* Venus.] Think how rich I am, and remember you receiv'd all the Jewels I ſent you.

Apol. [*to her.*] You receiv'd my Epiſtles too, in *Turkey*-bound Heroics.

Mom. [*aſide.*] This ſecond Receipt will never weigh down the firſt.

Merc. [*whiſpering* Venus.] Don't forget your humble Servant.

AIR XLI. Cymball Tune.



Venus. *Love's ſweet Careſſes*
The Fair poſſeſſes,
Surrounded by Suitors, yet free from their Sway;
But Pleaſures leave her,
And Hopes deceive her,
Soon after Contracting to ſerve and obey.
The humble Lovers
Are Tyrant Rovers,
And make it their ſtudy our Sex to betray.
Too ſoon we relent,
Too ſoon we conſent,
Too ſoon we ſurrender,
Too late we repent.

Ven. [*looking at* Mars.] *Mars* is mighty eaſy: Is his Paſſion for me at an end? If I thought him inconſtant I wou'd marry him to plague him.

Mars. [*eagerly.*] No, no, I'm not inconſtant.

Mom. [*looking maliciouſly at* Jupiter.] There are ſome Pretenders here that don't ſay a Word of their Pretenſions, tho' they remember them well enough: but Judgment with-holds their Memory and their Imagination —— will you hear me repeat a mighty natural Fable upon that ſubject?

Jup. Be ſilent; no more of your preſumptuous Fables: Come, lovely *Venus*, heſitate no longer: make choice of your Husband and Abode.

Ven. Be it ſo —— [*aſide.*] If I chuſe an agreeable Husband, his Rivals will loſe all Hope, and I ſhall loſe their Service. This Conſideration has determin'd me —— [*aloud.*] I reſolve to give the Preference to him of all my Lovers that has ſhewn himſelf the moſt diſcreet.

Vulc. That's I, that's I: I am the moſt diſcreet, for I never bragg'd of *Jupiter*'s Intereſt —

Jup. [*aſide.*] Oh Numpskull —— [*aloud.*] Let the Goddeſs proceed.

Ven. Yes, *Vulcan* is he I chuſe for my Husband, and I intreat *Jupiter* to permit me to remain in Heaven.

Mom. He'll have much ado to bring himſelf to grant your Requeſt.

Jup. [*to* Momus.] Mr. *Fabuliſt*, don't let you and I fall out. —— [*to* Venus.] Charming *Venus*, I approve both your Determinations.

Apol. We can't ſay the Mother of Love has taken Council with her Son, in the choice of her Husband.

Nept. Signor *Vulcan*, you will be the Founder of a very numerous Society.

Merc. *Mercury* will very often pay you a Viſit.

Mars.

Mars. As for me; I intend to make his House my Winter Quarters.

Vulc. [*to* Mars *and* Mercury.] You shall be very welcome, Gentlemen. Remember, Signor *Jupiter*, you promis'd to be at all the Charges of my Wedding.

Mom. [*to* Vulcan.] Go, go; depend upon't he'll see that nothing is wanting; I'll answer for him, he'll be so sure to take all the trouble off your Hands, that he'll leave nothing for you to do.

Jup. Let all *Olympus* rejoice in *Venus*'s Election.

Mom. Indeed 'tis enough to make any body Merry.

Mars. Oons, *Momus*, since *Apollo* has taken no care in the matter, let you and I e'en hammer out an Epithalamium for honest *Vulcan*.

Mom. With all my Heart.

Mom. He for a Wife has *Venus* got.
Mars. O how delicious is our Lot!
Mom. *Vulcan* espouses Beauty's Queen!
Mars. And has the honour to be her Screen.
Mom. He weds her now in Heaven's high Hall.
Mars. For the Convenience of us all.
Mom. Let us chant forth *Vulcan*'s Glory:
Thro' the World extend his Story.
Mars. 'Till Time's no more, shall *Vulcan* stand
The Husband's Model throughout every Land.

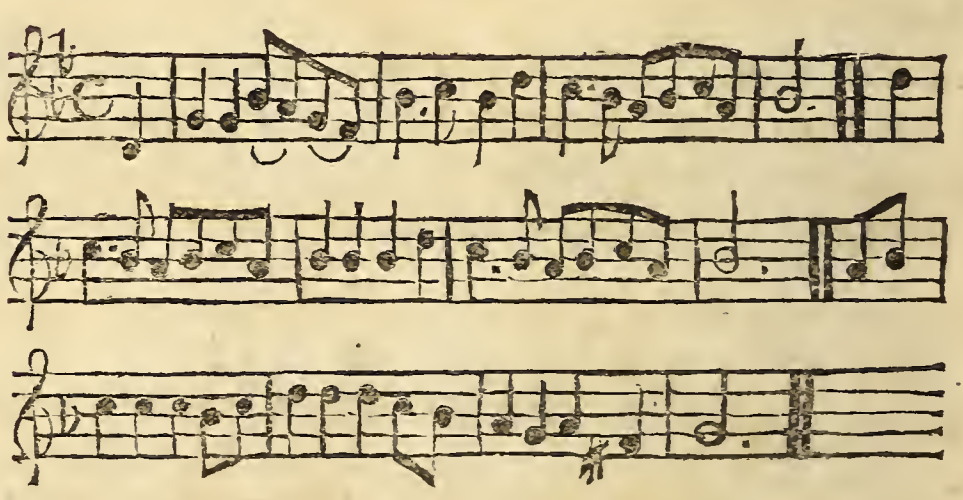
Jup. As I promis'd, Signor *Vulcan*, to be at the Expence of your Wedding, I will fulfill my Word; and, in order thereto, have prepar'd an Entertainment suitable to the Occasion. Therefore desire the Company to sit.

[Vulcan *pays his Compliments to the Gods, who seat themselves.*]

Here an Entertainment of DANCING *in Honour of* VULCAN'S WEDDING.

Mom. Gods and Goddeſſes, that we may be all quits, let each of us compoſe a Fable by way of Ballad. *Mars*, do you begin; we Gods can do every thing, and off-hand too, that's our Perfection.

AIR XLII. Parſon upon *Dorothy.*



The LAP-DOG.

Mars. *A Lady's ancient* Lap-Dog, *in his decline of Life,*
Eſpous'd a youthful Greyhound, *who prov'd a forward Wife,*
And brought him ſtore of Puppies; which had not been amiſs,
But that no Face among the Crew at all reſembled his.
From this Example, Husbands learn, when old and feeble grown,
Young Wives Induſtry may produce you Children, not your own.
Cho. *Young Wives*, &c.

The

The RAVEN.

Apol. *A* Raven *hoarse and ugly espous'd and lov'd a* Rook,
And for her sweet Society all Female Birds forsook;
But to divert the tedious Hours, he roam'd abroad for Prey,
Procur'd a Hawk *to visit her, and pass the time away.*
The Hawk *so well employ'd his time to gain her amorous Heart,*
That soon the Raven *shar'd but share of his dear Counterpart.*
Cho. *That soon the* Raven, &c.

The CAT.

Merc. *A* Cat, *whose Keeper lov'd her well, and gave her store of Meat,*
Could not from Felony abstain, tho' much worse Food to Eat;
A Mate too was provided her, of Youth and comely Form;
But yet her Fancy prompted her, more homely Beasts to Charm.
Who seeks a Moral to this Tale, shall have their Wants supply'd;
When Female Wishes do prevail, they will be gratify'd.
Cho. *When Female*, &c.

The STAG.

Ven. *A stately* Stag, (*the Forest's Pride*) *espous'd a Milk-white* Doe,
Who for a while did virtuous prove; and had been always so,
But that her Husband slighted her, and other Deer *enjoy'd,*
And then to pay him in his Coin, she could not well avoid.
The Moral of this Fable will the Nuptial Faults display;
Wives seldom swerve from Virtue, till Husbands shew the Way.
Cho. *Wives*, &c.

The

The WREN.

Mom. *A* Wren *(the ſmalleſt of its kind) preſum'd to entertain*
An Aviary of fineſt Birds, and did not ſtrive in vain;
For (tho' unequal to the Task) he ſhew'd ſuch will to pleaſe,
The feather'd Auditors approv'd ------ and made his Power increaſe;
The Wren's *our Author, y'are the Birds that muſt decide his Cauſe;*
Be ſparing in your Cenſures ------ But laviſh in Applauſe.
Cho. *Be ſparing*, &c.

FINIS.